TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

VOLUME 10

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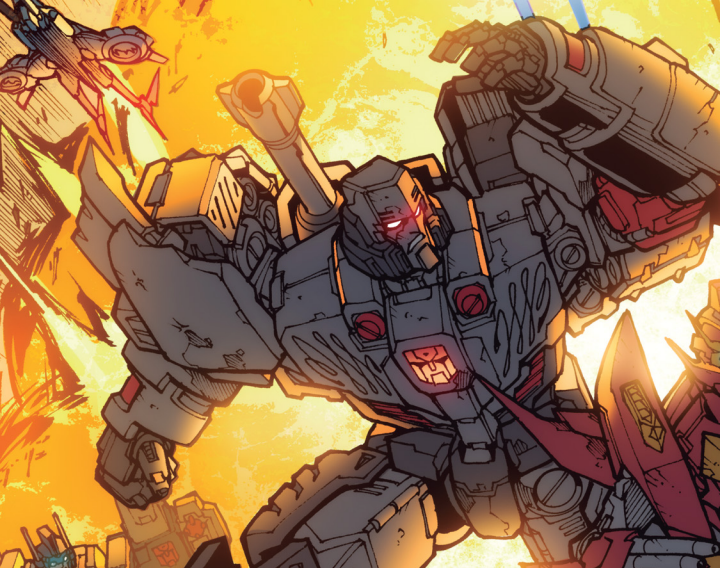

Cover by Alex Milne
Cover Colors by Joana Lafuente
Collection Edits by Justin Eisinger and Alonzo Simon
Collection Production by Neil Uyetake
Publisher: Ted Adams

Special thanks to Hasbro's Ben Montano, David Erwin, Josh Feldman, Ed Lane, Beth Artale, and Michael Kelly.

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eISBN: 9781684060870

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Originally published as THE TRANSFORMERS: MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE issues #50-55.

TRANSFORMERS
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
VOLUME 10

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THE STORY SO FAR:

A schism
An accident
A sparkeater
A virus
A hostage situation
An interlude
A calling
A Spotlight or two
A story
A mix-up
A night out
A mistake
A death
A funeral
A lost moon
A diversion
A trial
An exodus
Another Lost Light
A loss
An alternate universe
A race against time
An alliance
A farewell
A reunion
A sitcom
An epiphany
Another interlude
A betrayal
A resignation

NOW READ ON...

EARTH. NOW.

LAST WORDS?

HA. DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP.

YOU'D THINK I'D BE ABLE TO *QUOTE* SOMEONE AT LEAST—SOME RUSTY OLD WRITER PONTIFICATING ABOUT *LOSS* AND *BETRAYAL* AND THE *BELLIGERENCE OF GRIEF*.

CAN'T. MIND'S GONE BLANK.

OPTIMUS?

JETFIRE AND OPTIMUS PRIME.

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.

A MESSAGE?

THE PICTURE'S POOR, AND WE KEEP DROPPING THE SOUND, BUT YEAH.

ANYWAY, WE'RE UNDER ORDERS TO MAKE THIS *QUICK*, SO...

I'D LIKE TO BE BURIED ON *CAMINUS*, IN THE SHADOW OF THE *FOURTH AND CENTRAL ATHENAEUM*.

I'D LIKE THE INSCRIPTION ON MY *SPARK CASING* TO READ...

YOU KNOW WHAT? WHO CARES.

I'M LUCKY—I DON'T NEED TO SEND A FINAL MESSAGE TO A LOVED ONE. HE'S RIGHT OVER THERE.

IT'S THE FIRST TIME WE'VE DIED *TOGETHER*.

SO—AN *INTERMUTUAL FUNERAL*, PLEASE. REWIND AND I WOULD LIKE TO ENTER THE *AFTERSPARK* SIMULTANEOUSLY.

IF YOU'RE OUT THERE, *DOMINUS*, KNOW THAT I *NEVER* GAVE UP, AND I *NEVER* STOPPED LOOKING, AND—

AND IS IT WRONG THAT, I'M *ENVIOUS*? AT LEAST YOU'LL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ME.

WHAT HAPPENED TO *ALL OF US*.

WHO ELSE KNOWS ABOUT THIS?

CYBERTRON. METROPLEX.

IN SIX HOURS AND 14 MINUTES I'LL BE DEAD. I'M NOT—

THAT SOUNDS MELODRAMATIC. IT'S NOT MEANT TO. IT'S JUST A FACT. A VERY... DISTRACTING FACT.

STILL, SIX HOURS 14 MINUTES. AT LEAST THIS TIME I CAN PREPARE MYSELF.

AS FOR DISPOSAL METHODS... ASSUMING YOU FIND A BODY, PRESERVE THE HEAD. BURN THE REST.

SCOOP AND STARSCREAM.

A GOOD NEOPRIMALIST CEREMONY, SHORT AND SWEET.

LOOK AT THEM. LOOK AT THEIR EYES. THAT'S WHAT FEAR LOOKS LIKE, SCOOP.

I KNOW. I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE.

IN FACT I'M GETTING A CLOSE-UP RIGHT NOW.

LUNA 1, FORTRESS MAXIMUS AND RED ALERT.

THERE. THERE! SEE IT?

THE SHADOW?

THE SHADOW OF A GUN, POINTING TO NIGHTBEAT'S HEAD. AND LOOK AT THE SHAPE.

FAMILIAR?

I SHOULDVE SEEN IT COMING. I LET MY GUARD DOWN—GOT TOO COMFORTABLE. HAD TOO MUCH FFF—FFF—FUN.

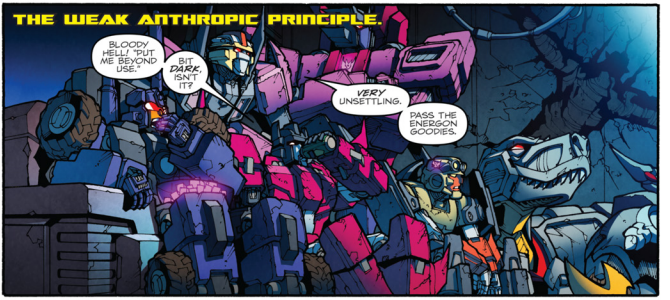
BUT TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION...

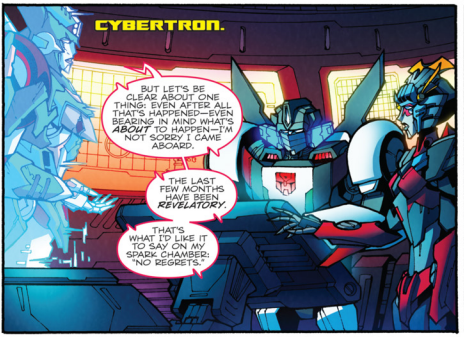
LUNA 1, NEXT TO THE NOT SPOT, AND I'D LIKE TO BE BURIED IN MY ARMOR.

NO FUNERAL.

IF I DIE IN MY ALT MODE I WANT YOU TO DISASSEMBLE ME, JUST IN CASE. WHATEVER IT TAKES, JUST—

JUST PUT ME BEYOND USE.


THE WEAK ANTHROPIC PRINCIPLE.
BLOODY HELL! "PUT ME BEYOND USE."
BIT DARK, ISN'T IT?
VERY UNSETTLING.
PASS THE ENERGON GOODIES.


CYBERTRON.
BUT LET'S BE CLEAR ABOUT ONE THING: EVEN AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED—EVEN BEARING IN MIND WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN—I'M NOT SORRY I CAME ABOARD.
THE LAST FEW MONTHS HAVE BEEN REVELATORY.
THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE IT TO SAY ON MY SPARK CHAMBER: "NO REGRETS."

WINDBLADE.
OH—P.S.—I'D LIKE TO BE RECYCLED WHATEVER'S LEFT, IF IT STILL WORKS...

...THEN GIVE IT TO SOMEONE ELSE.
CONTACT THE LOST LIGHT.
NOW.
THERE'S NO RESPONSE. THEY'RE NOT RESPONDING.
THOSE ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS.
EITHER WAY—
WE'LL SEND A TEAM OUT THERE IMMEDIATELY. I'LL GO. IF WE CAN LINK THE SPACEBRIDGE TO THE QUANTUM ENGINES...

OPTIMUS—IT'S POINTLESS. THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TIME.
NIGHTBEAT SAID SIX HOURS...
HE DID, I KNOW, I KNOW, BUT—
BUT WHAT?
WE RECEIVED THE MESSAGE TODAY...
...BUT IT WAS SENT THREE WEEKS AGO.

THE PLANET MILIARIUM. THREE WEEKS AGO.

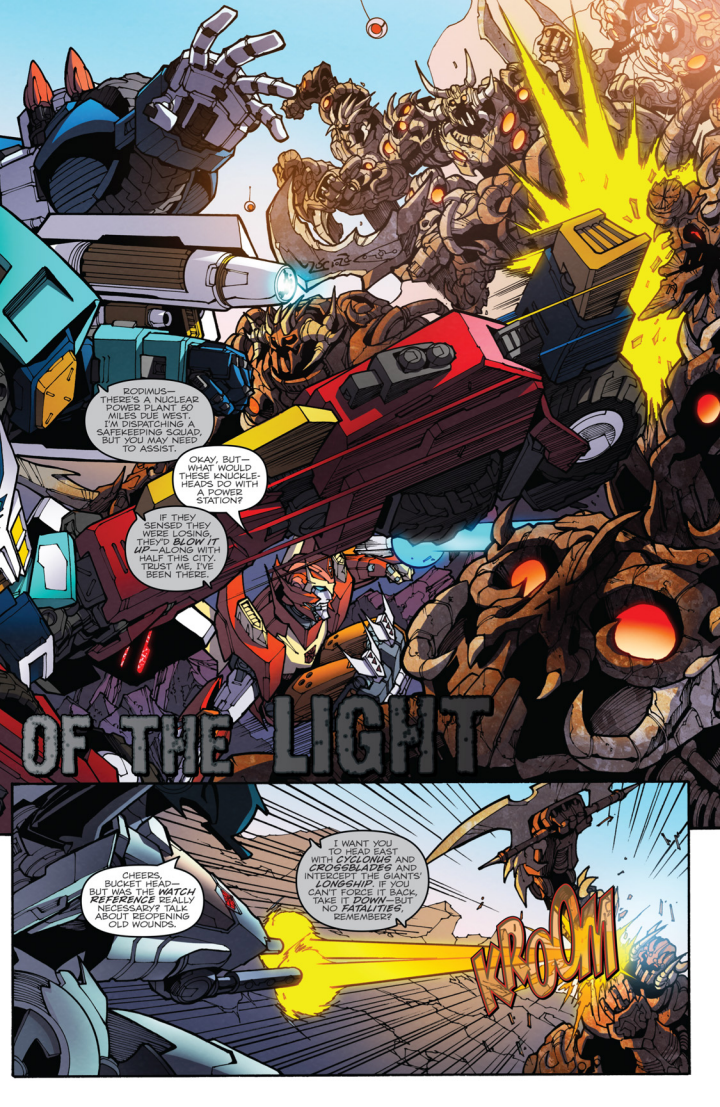
THUNDERCLASH! MAGNUS! SPLIT UP. YOU'RE DOING THE ENEMY A FAVOR BY PRESENTING YOURSELVES AS A *SINGLE* TARGET.

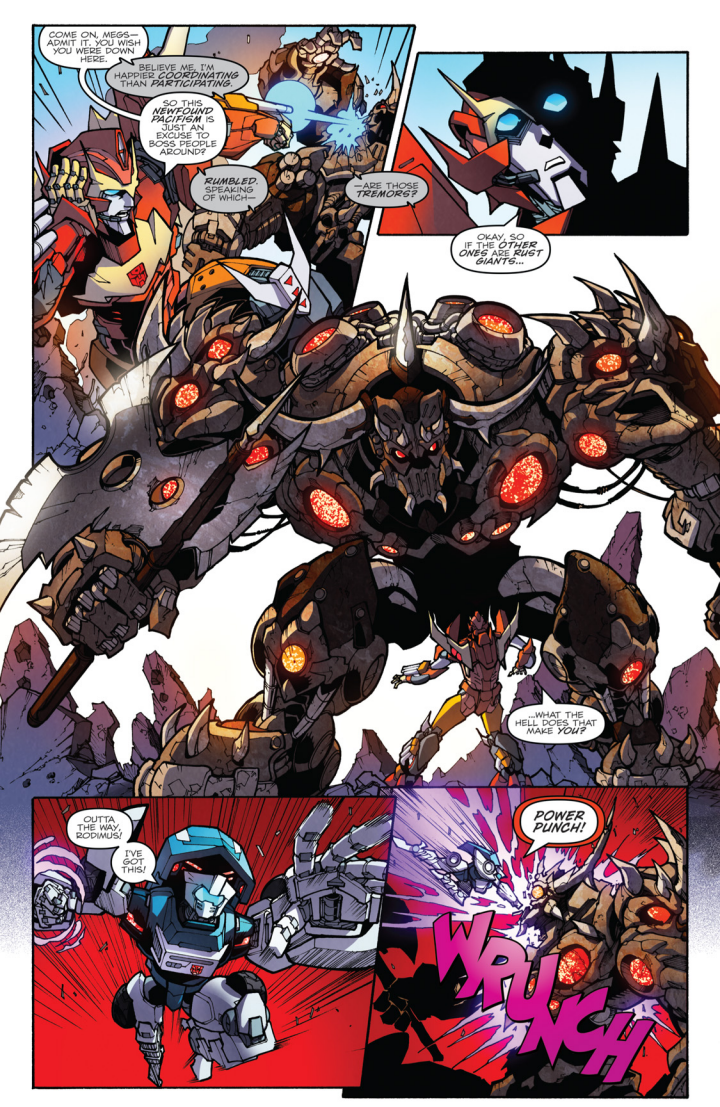
ROGER THAT.

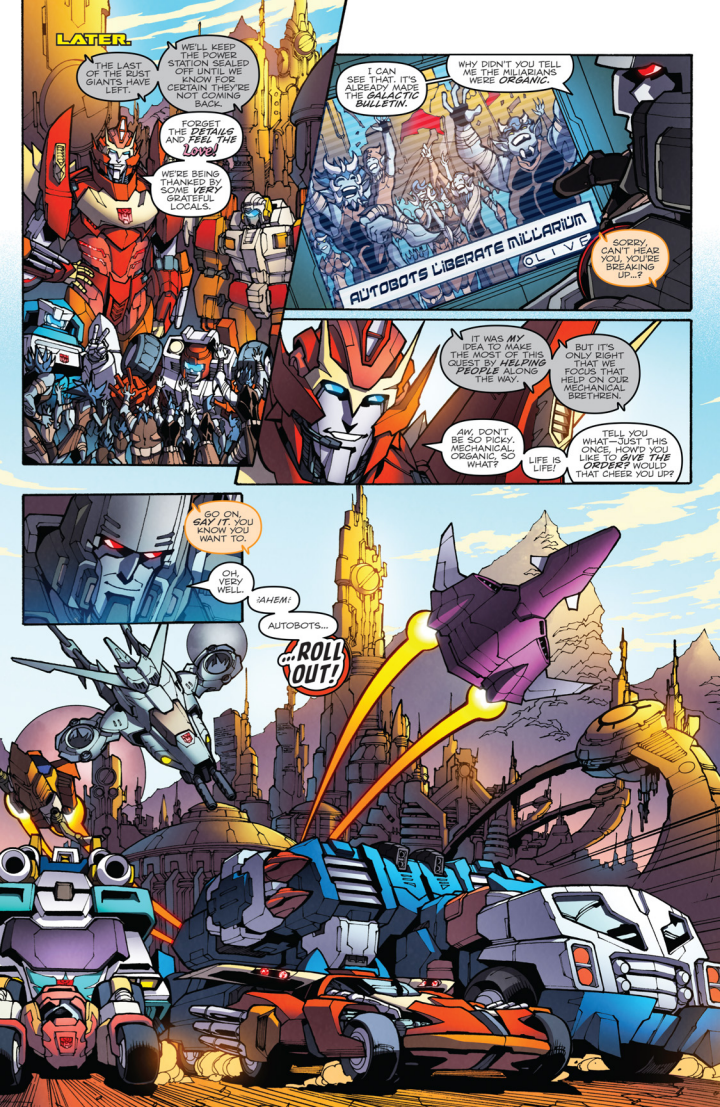
THE DYING

THE LOST LIGHT. MILIARIUM ORBIT.

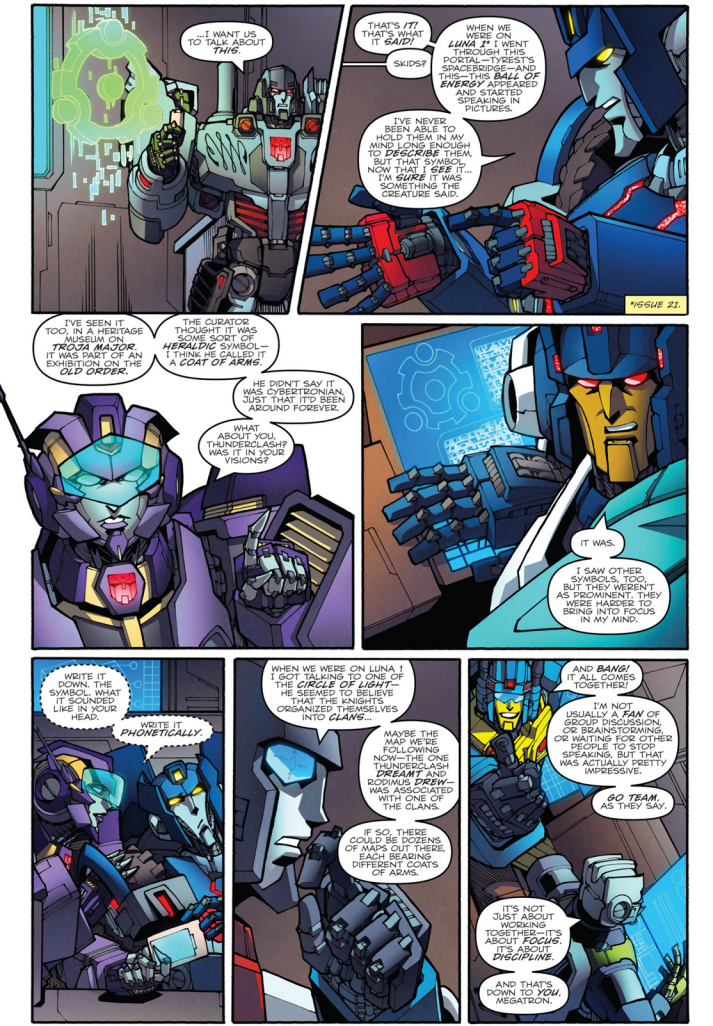
WHIRL! *RUST GIANT* AT THREE O'CLOCK!

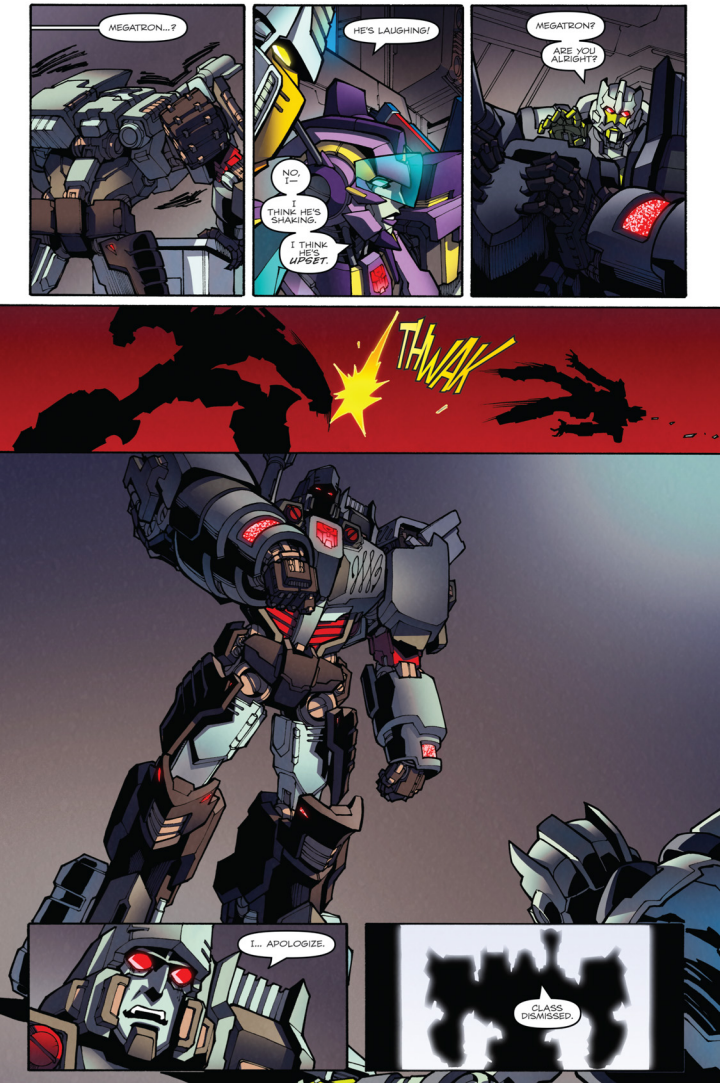

RODIMUS—THERE'S A NUCLEAR POWER PLANT 50 MILES DUE WEST. I'M DISPATCHING A SAFEKEEPING SQUAD, BUT YOU MAY NEED TO ASSIST.
OKAY, BUT—WHAT WOULD THESE KNUCKLEHEADS DO WITH A POWER STATION?
IF THEY SENSED THEY WERE LOSING, THEY'D BLOW IT UP—ALONG WITH HALF THIS CITY. TRUST ME, I'VE BEEN THERE.
OF THE LIGHT
CHEERS, BUCKET HEAD—BUT WAS THE WATCH REFERENCE REALLY NECESSARY? TALK ABOUT REOPENING OLD WOUNDS.
I WANT YOU TO HEAD EAST WITH CYCLONUS AND CROSSBLADES AND INTERCEPT THE GIANTS' LONGSHIP. IF YOU CAN'T FORCE IT BACK, TAKE IT DOWN—BUT NO FATALITIES. REMEMBER?
KROOM

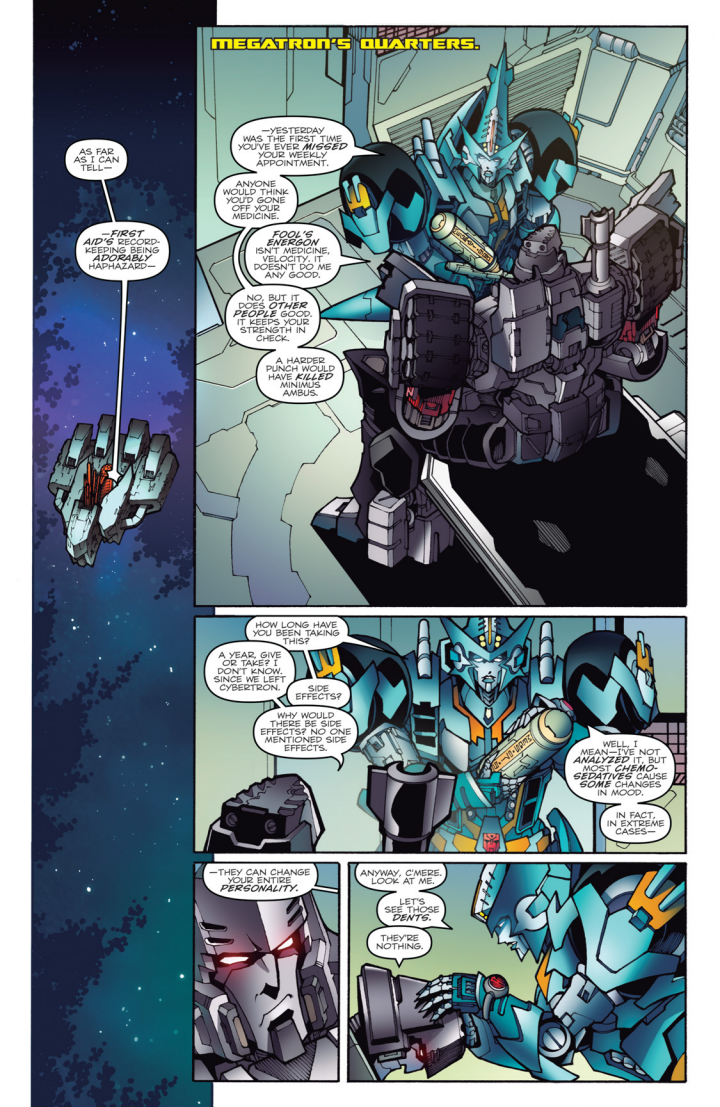

COME ON, MEGS—ADMIT IT. YOU WISH YOU WERE DOWN HERE.
BELIEVE ME, I'M HAPPIER COORDINATING THAN PARTICIPATING.
SO THIS NEWFOUND PACIFISM IS JUST AN EXCUSE TO BOSS PEOPLE AROUND?
RUMBLED. SPEAKING OF WHICH—
—ARE THOSE TREMORS?
OKAY, SO IF THE OTHER ONES ARE RUST GIANTS...
...WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MAKE YOU?
OUTTA THE WAY, RODWUS!
I'VE GOT THIS!
POWER PUNCH!
WRUNCH!


LATER.
THE LAST OF THE RUST GIANTS HAVE LEFT.
WE'LL KEEP THE POWER STATION SEALED OFF UNTIL WE KNOW FOR CERTAIN THEY'RE NOT COMING BACK.
FORGET THE DETAILS AND FEEL THE LOVE!
WE'RE BEING THANKED BY SOME VERY GRATEFUL LOCALS.
I CAN SEE THAT. IT'S ALREADY MADE THE GALACTIC BULLETIN.
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THE MILIARIANS WERE ORGANIC.
AUTOBOTS LIBERATE MILLARIUM
LIVE
SORRY, CAN'T HEAR YOU, YOU'RE BREAKING UP...?
IT WAS MY IDEA TO MAKE THE MOST OF THIS QUEST BY HELPING PEOPLE ALONG THE WAY.
BUT IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT WE FOCUS THAT HELP ON OUR MECHANICAL BRETHREN.
AW, DON'T BE SO PICKY. MECHANICAL, ORGANIC, SO WHAT?
LIFE IS LIFE!
TELL YOU WHAT—JUST THIS ONCE, HOWD YOU LIKE TO GIVE THE ORDERS? WOULD THAT CHEER YOU UP?
GO ON, SAY IT. YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO.
OH, VERY WELL.
AHEM!
AUTOBOTS...
...ROLL OUT!

THE LOST LIGHT. LATER.
"CROWD-SOURCING HISTORY: PRE-FUNCTIONIST FOLKLORE AND CONTESTED HERITAGE."
A CHALLENGING ASSIGNMENT, SO WELL DONE TO ALL THOSE WHO COMPLETED IT—ESPECIALLY THOSE OF YOU WHO TOOK ACCOUNT OF INFORMATION CREEP.
I WAS PARTICULARLY IMPRESSED BY YOUR EFFORTS, RIPTIDE.
YOU CLEARLY PUT IN A LOT OF WORK.
DID I PASS?
NO, BUT I'LL TALK TO YOU AFTERWARDS TO EXPLAIN WHY.
NAUTICA... SOLID WORK. NOT YOUR BEST. BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT TOP MARKS IF YOU SPEND ALL YOUR TIME TINKERING WITH THE RODPOD.
NOW, LAST WEEK SOME OF YOU ASKED WHAT PRE-FUNCTIONIST FOLKLORE HAD TO DO WITH THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON. I ASKED YOU TO ADDRESS THAT QUESTION IN YOUR ASSIGNMENTS.
HOUND HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD: IT'S ABOUT ESTABLISHING CULTURAL CONTEXT.
BEYOND THE FACT THAT THEY LEFT CYBERTRON TO BRING PEACE TO THE UNIVERSE, WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THE KNIGHTS?
WERE THEY WISE, FOOLHARDY, ARROGANT? WERE THEY EVEN-HANDED? WERE THEY COMPASSIONATE?
IS IT POSSIBLE, EVEN, TO GENERALIZE?
AS IT STANDS, THE ONLY THING WE KNOW ABOUT THEM FOR CERTAIN IS THAT THEY FAILED, BECAUSE CLEARLY WE DO NOT LIVE IN A PEACEFUL UNIVERSE.
OUR DUTY IS TO SCRUTINIZE EVERY SCRAP OF HISTORICAL INFORMATION PERTAINING TO THE KNIGHTS—ALL THE WHILE BEING SENSITIVE TO CULTURAL, COGNITIVE AND POLITICAL BIAS—SO THAT, AHEAD OF MEETING THEM, WE MIGHT MAKE SENSE OF THEM.
TODAY, I WANT TO PRESENT ONE OF THE NEWER SCRAPS OF INFORMATION. TODAY...


...I WANT US TO TALK ABOUT THIS.
THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHAT IT SAID!
SKIDS?
WHEN WE WERE ON LUNA 1 I WENT THROUGH THIS PORTAL—TYREST'S SPACEBRIDGE—AND THIS—THIS BALL OF ENERGY APPEARED AND STARTED SPEAKING IN PICTURES.
I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO HEAR THEM IN MY MIND LONG ENOUGH TO DESCRIBE THEM, BUT THAT SYMBOL NOW, THAT I SEE IT... I'M SURE IT WAS SOMETHING THE CREATURE SAID.
*ISSUE 21.
I'VE SEEN IT TOO, IN A HERITAGE MUSEUM ON TROJA MAJOR. IT WAS PART OF AN EXHIBITION ON THE OLD ORDER.
THE CURATOR THOUGHT IT WAS SOME SORT OF HERALDIC SYMBOL—I THINK HE CALLED IT A COAT OF ARMS.
HE DIDN'T SAY IT WAS CYBERTRONIAN, JUST THAT IT'D BEEN AROUND FOREVER.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, THUNDERCLASH? WAS IT IN YOUR VISIONS?
IT WAS.
I SAW OTHER SYMBOLS, TOO, BUT THEY WEREN'T AS PROMINENT. THEY WERE HARDER TO BRING INTO FOCUS IN MY MIND.
WRITE IT DOWN. THE SYMBOL. WHAT IT SOUNDED LIKE IN YOUR HEAD.
WRITE IT PHONETICALLY.
WHEN WE WERE ON LUNA 1 I GOT TALKING TO ONE OF THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT—HE SEEMED TO BELIEVE THAT THE KNIGHTS ORGANIZED THEMSELVES INTO CLANS...
MAYBE THE MAP WE'RE FOLLOWING NOW—THE ONE THUNDERCLASH DREAMT AND ROOMUS DREW—WAS ASSOCIATED WITH ONE OF THE CLANS.
IF SO, THERE COULD BE DOZENS OF MAPS OUT THERE, EACH BEARING DIFFERENT COAT'S OF ARMS.
AND BANG! IT ALL COMES TOGETHER!
I'M NOT USUALLY A FAN OF GROUP DISCUSSION, OR BRAINSTORMING, OR WAITING FOR OTHER PEOPLE TO STOP SPEAKING. BUT THAT WAS ACTUALLY PRETTY IMPRESSIVE.
GO TEAM, AS THEY SAY.
IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT WORKING TOGETHER—IT'S ABOUT FOCUS. IT'S ABOUT DISCIPLINE.
AND THAT'S DOWN TO YOU, MEGATRON.


MEGATRON...?
HE'S LAUGHING!
NO, I—
THINK HE'S SHAKING.
I THINK HE'S UPSET.
MEGATRON?
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
THWAK
I... APOLOGIZE.
CLASS DISMISSED.

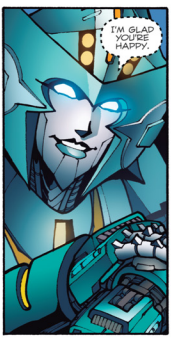

MEGATRON'S QUARTERS.
AS FAR AS I CAN TELL—
—FIRST AID'S RECORD-KEEPING BEING ADORABLY HAPHAZARD—
—YESTERDAY WAS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE EVER MISSED YOUR WEEKLY APPOINTMENT.
ANYONE WOULD THINK YOU'D GONE OFF YOUR MEDICINE.
FOOL'S ENERGON ISN'T MEDICINE, VELOCITY. IT DOESN'T DO ME ANY GOOD.
NO, BUT IT DOES OTHER PEOPLE GOOD. IT KEEPS YOUR STRENGTH IN CHECK.
A HARDER PUNCH WOULD HAVE FULLED MINIMUS AMBUS.
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN TAKING THIS?
A YEAR, GIVE OR TAKE? I DON'T KNOW. SINCE WE LEFT CYBERTRON.
SIDE EFFECTS?
WHY WOULD THERE BE SIDE EFFECTS? NO ONE MENTIONED SIDE EFFECTS.
WELL, I MEAN—I'VE NOT ANALYZED IT, BUT NOST CHEMO-SEDATIVES CAUSE SOME CHANGES IN MOOD.
IN FACT, IN EXTREME CASES—
—THEY CAN CHANGE YOUR ENTIRE PERSONALITY.
ANYWAY, C'MERE. LOOK AT ME.
LET'S SEE THOSE DENTS.
THEY'RE NOTHING.

WHO DID THIS TO YOU?
NO ONE. ME.
I DID IT.
YOU CRUSHED YOUR OWN HEAD?
I WAS IN THE DOWNLOAD SUITE AND I... HEARD VOICES.
IN YOUR HEAD, AND WHAT WERE THEY SAYING, THESE VOICES?
THEY WEREN'T *SAYING* ANYTHING. THEY WERE *SCREAMING*.

OF COURSE, *STRESS* IS ANOTHER SIDE EFFECT OF CHEMO-SEDATIVES.
IT'S NOT STRESS.
HOW DO YOU KNOW?

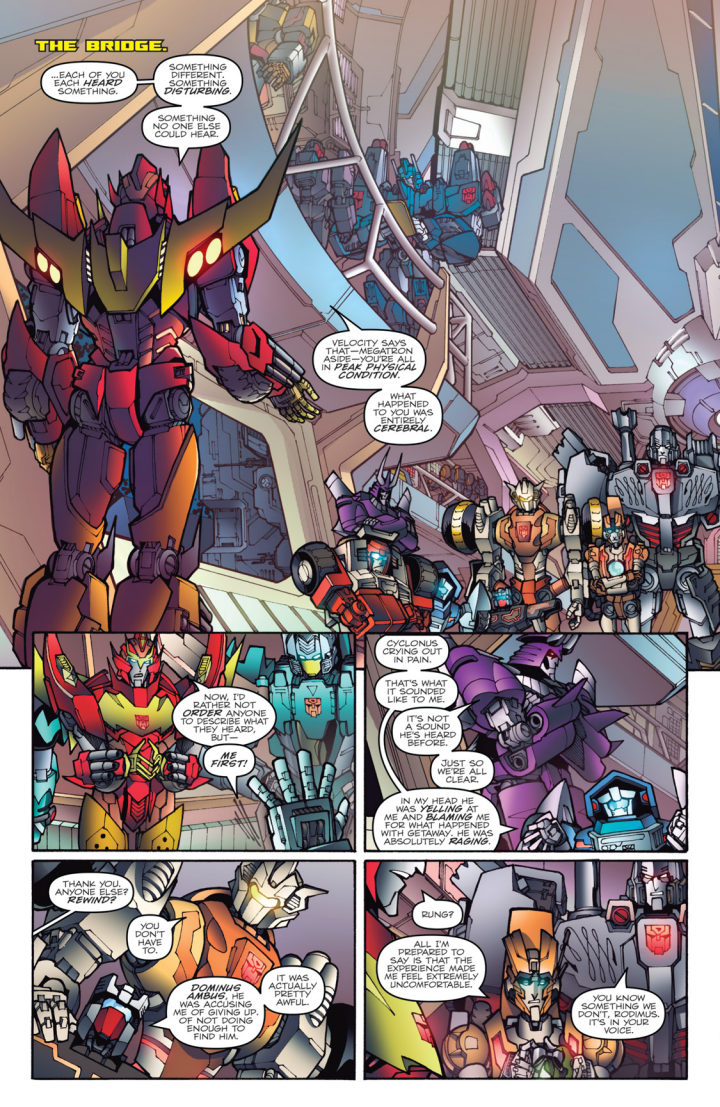
BECAUSE I'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER.

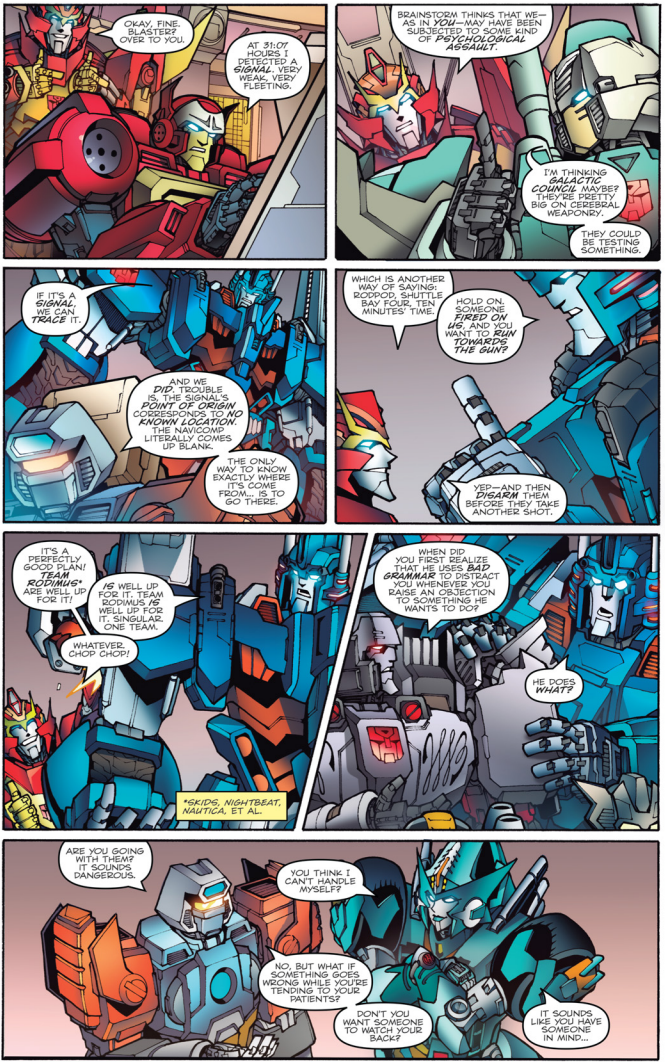
I'M A DOCTOR, NOT A PERFORMANCE ARTIST! I'M A DOCTOR, NOT A
SORRY. BAD TIMING.
WHAT IN GOD'S NAME...
THE RING TONE. I KNOW. PRESENT FROM SWERVE. I DON'T REALLY—
'SCUSE ME.

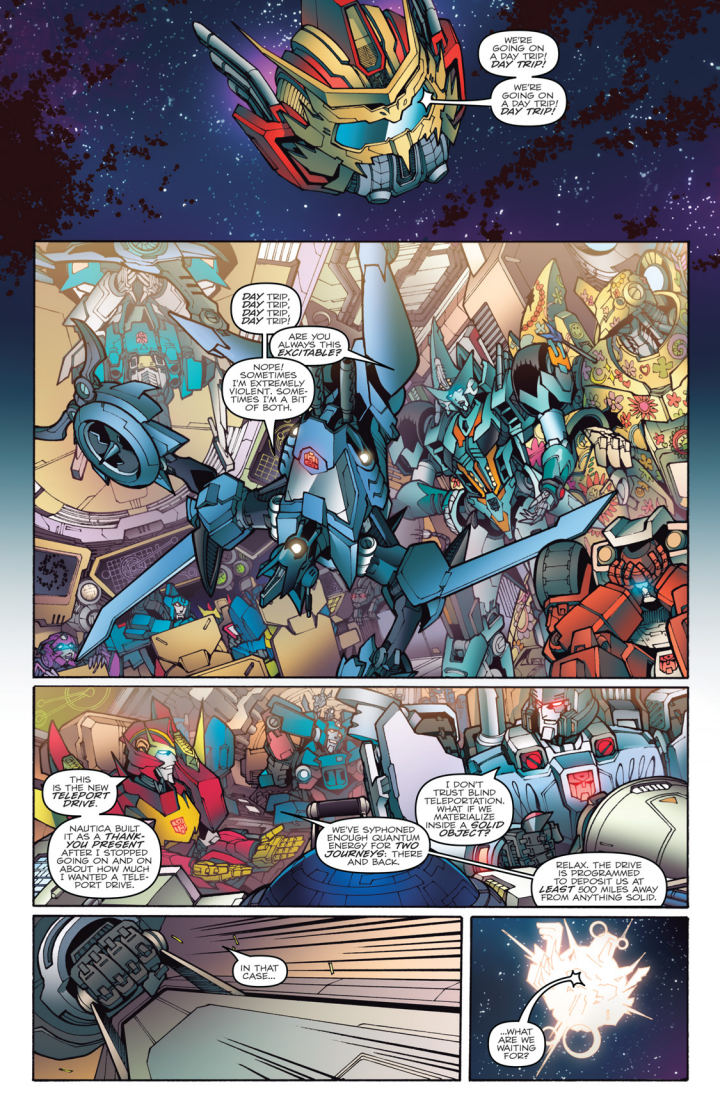

I'M GLAD YOU'RE HAPPY.

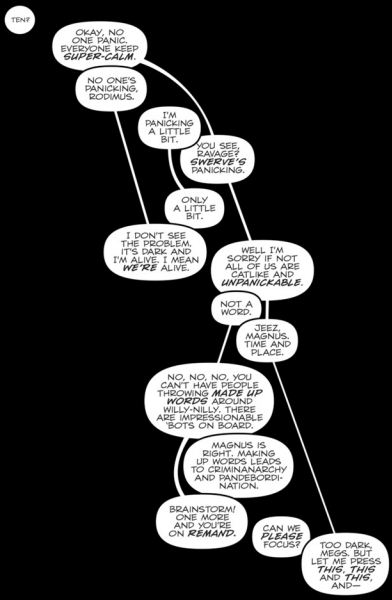
YELLO?

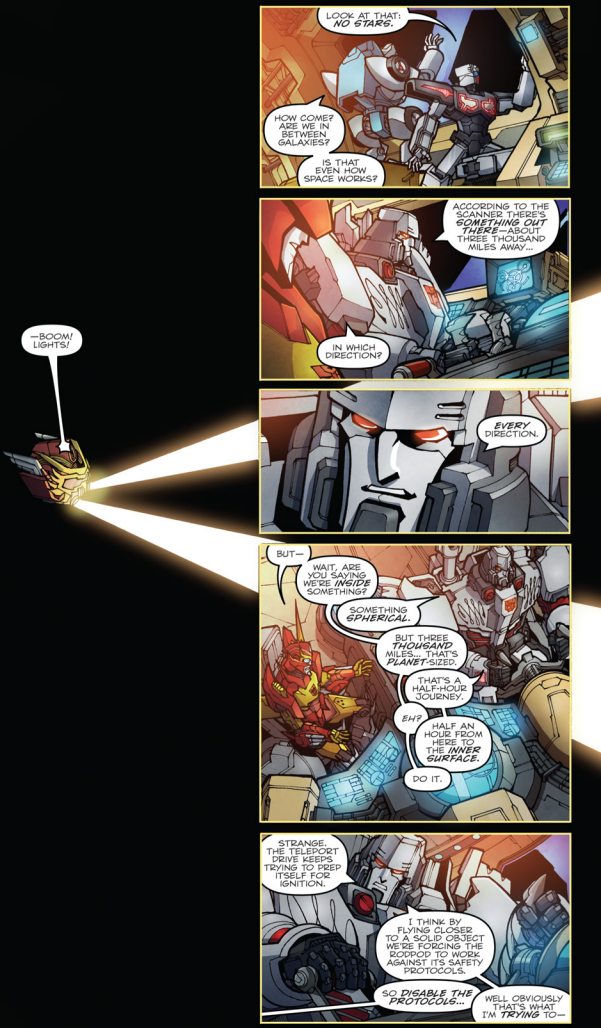
LOTTY! GET THEE TO THE MEDIBAY, PRONTO!
WHAT IS IT?
PATIENTS— *THOUSANDS* OF 'EM!
WELL, *FIVE*, INCLUDING YOURS TRULY.
MED
OKAY, BUT WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM?
"EARLIER TODAY, AT PRECISELY *31:07 HOURS*..."

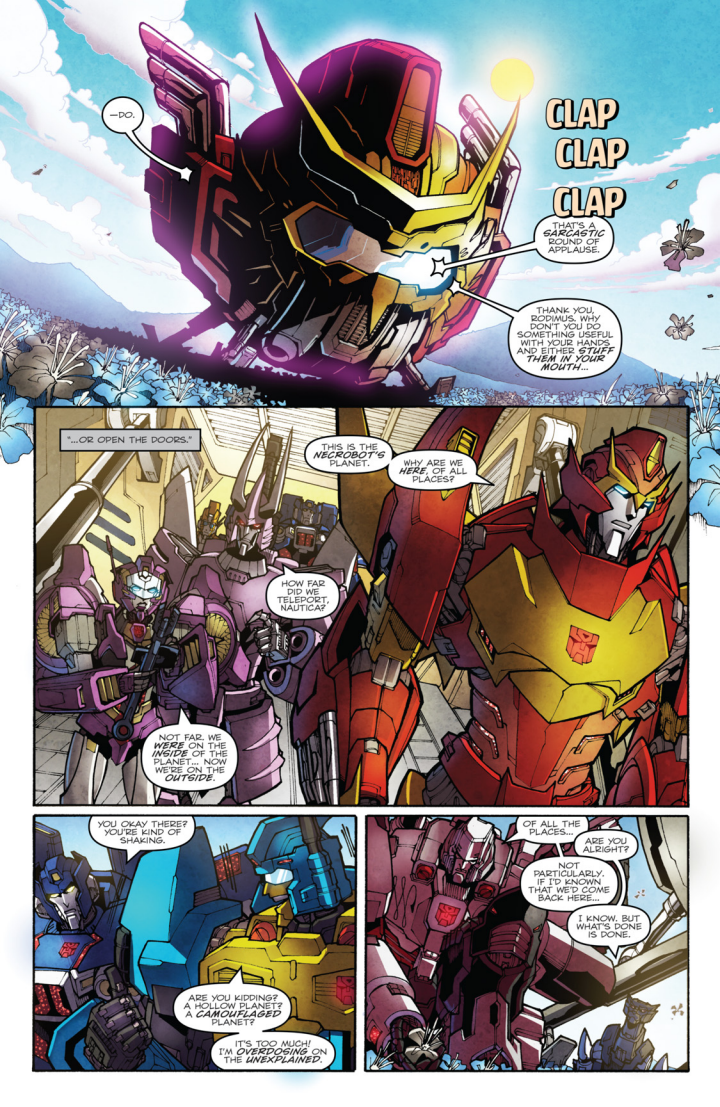

THE BRIDGE.
...EACH OF YOU EACH HEARD SOMETHING.
SOMETHING DIFFERENT. SOMETHING DISTURBING.
SOMETHING NO ONE ELSE COULD HEAR.
VELOCITY SAYS THAT—MEGATRON ASIDE—YOU'RE ALL IN PEAK PHYSICAL CONDITION.
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU WAS ENTIRELY CEREBRAL.
NOW, I'D RATHER NOT ORDER ANYONE TO DESCRIBE WHAT THEY HEARD. BUT—
ME FIRST!
CYCLONUS CRYING OUT IN PAIN.
THAT'S WHAT IT SOUNDED LIKE TO ME.
IT'S NOT A SOUND HE'S HEARD BEFORE.
JUST SO WE'RE ALL CLEAR.
IN MY HEAD HE WAS YELLING AT ME AND BLAMING ME FOR WHAT HAPPENED WITH GETAWAY. HE WAS ABSOLUTELY RAGING.
THANK YOU. ANYONE ELSE? REWIND?
YOU DON'T HAVE TO.
DOMINUS AMBUS. HE WAS ACCUSING ME OF GIVING UP, OF NOT DOING ENOUGH TO FIND HIM.
IT WAS ACTUALLY PRETTY AWFUL.
RUNG?
ALL I'M PREPARED TO SAY IS THAT THE EXPERIENCE MADE ME FEEL EXTREMELY UNCOMFORTABLE.
YOU KNOW SOMETHING WE DON'T, RODIMUS. IT'S IN YOUR VOICE.


OKAY, FINE. BLASTER? OVER TO YOU.
AT 31:07 HOURS I DETECTED A SIGNAL. VERY WEAK, VERY FLEETING.
BRAINSTORM THINKS THAT WE—AS IN YOU—MAY HAVE BEEN SUBJECTED TO SOME KIND OF PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSAULT.
I'M THINKING GALACTIC COUNCIL MAYBE? THEY'RE PRETTY BIG ON CEREBRAL WEAPONRY.
THEY COULD BE TESTING SOMETHING.
IF IT'S A SIGNAL, WE CAN TRACE IT.
AND WE DID. TROUBLE IS, THE SIGNAL'S POINT OF ORIGIN CORRESPONDS TO NO KNOWN LOCATION. THE NAVICOMP LITERALLY COMES UP BLANK.
THE ONLY WAY TO KNOW EXACTLY WHERE IT'S COME FROM... IS TO GO THERE.
WHICH IS ANOTHER WAY OF SAYING: BOOPROD, SHUTTLE BAY FOUR, TEN MINUTES' TIME.
HOLD ON. SOMEONE FIRED ON US, AND YOU WANT TO RUN TOWARDS THE GUN?
YEP—AND THEN DISARM THEM BEFORE THEY TAKE ANOTHER SHOT.
IT'S A PERFECTLY GOOD PLAN! TEAM RODIMUS* ARE WELL UP FOR IT!
IS WELL UP FOR IT. TEAM RODIMUS IS WELL UP FOR IT. SINGULAR. ONE TEAM.
WHATEVER. CHOP CHOP!
*SKIDS, NIGHTBEAT, NAUTICA, ET AL.
WHEN DID YOU FIRST REALIZE THAT HE USES BAD GRAMMAR TO DISTRACT YOU WHENEVER YOU RAISE AN OBJECTION TO SOMETHING HE WANTS TO DO?
HE DOES WHAT?
ARE YOU GOING WITH THEM? IT SOUNDS DANGEROUS.
YOU THINK I CAN'T HANDLE MYSELF?
NO, BUT WHAT IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG WHILE YOU'RE TENDING TO YOUR PATIENTS?
DON'T YOU WANT SOMEONE TO WATCH YOUR BACK?
IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU HAVE SOMEONE IN MIND...

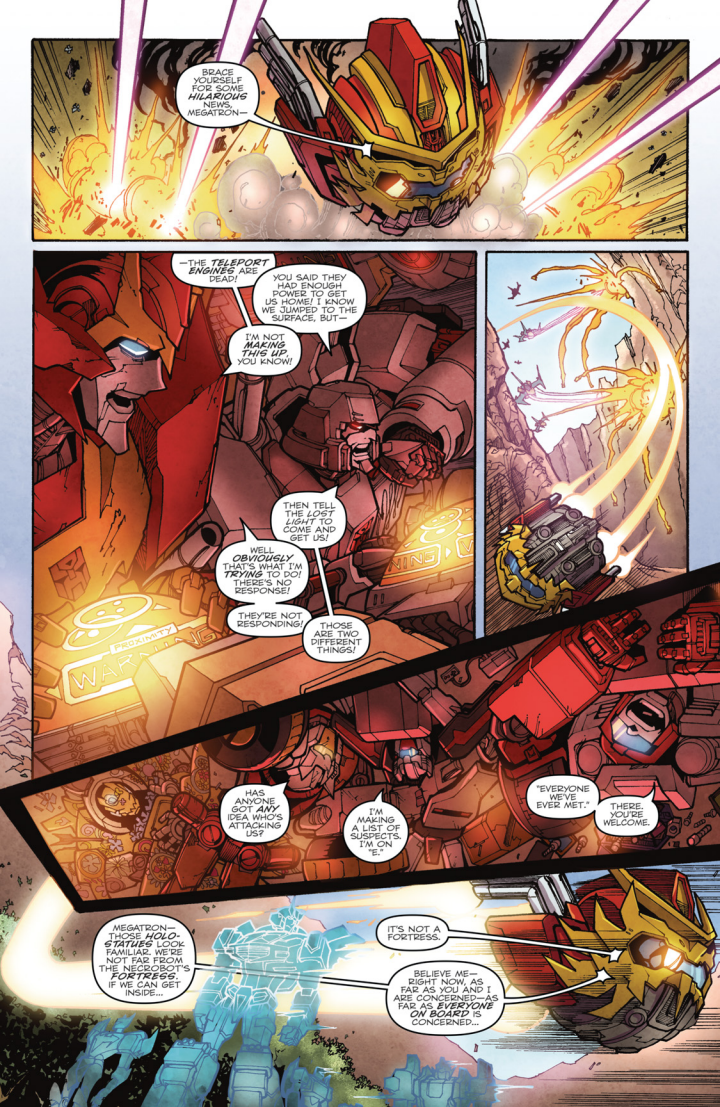

WE'RE GOING ON A DAY TRIP! DAY TRIP!
WE'RE GOING ON A DAY TRIP! DAY TRIP!
DAY TRIP, DAY TRIP, DAY TRIP, DAY TRIP!
ARE YOU ALWAYS THIS EXCITABLE?
NOPE! SOMETIMES I'M EXTREMELY VIOLENT. SOMETIMES I'M A BIT OF BOTH.
THIS IS THE NEW TELEPORT DRIVE.
NAUTICA BUILT IT AS A THANK-YOU PRESENT AFTER I STOPPED GOING ON AND ON ABOUT HOW MUCH I WANTED A TELEPORT DRIVE.
WE'VE SYPHONED ENOUGH QUANTUM ENERGY FOR TWO JOURNEYS: THERE AND BACK.
I DON'T TRUST BLIND TELEPORTATION. WHAT IF WE MATERIALIZE INSIDE A SOLID OBJECT?
RELAX. THE DRIVE IS PROGRAMMED TO DEPOSIT US AT LEAST 500 MILES AWAY FROM ANYTHING SOLID.
IN THAT CASE...
...WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?


TENP
OKAY, NO ONE PANIC. EVERYONE KEEP SUPER-CALM.
NO ONE'S PANICKING, RODIMUS.
I'M PANICKING A LITTLE BIT.
YOU SEE, RAVAGE? SWERVE'S PANICKING.
ONLY A LITTLE BIT.
I DON'T SEE THE PROBLEM. IT'S DARK AND I'M ALIVE. I MEAN WE'RE ALIVE.
WELL I'M SORRY IF NOT ALL OF US ARE CATLIKE AND UNPANICKABLE.
NOT A WORD.
JEEZ, MAGNUS. TIME AND PLACE.
NO, NO, NO, YOU CAN'T HAVE PEOPLE THROWING MADE UP WORDS AROUND WILLY-NILLY. THERE ARE IMPRESSIONABLE 'BOTS ON BOARD.
MAGNUS IS RIGHT. MAKING UP WORDS LEADS TO CRIMINANARCHY AND PANDEBORDI-NATION.
BRAINSTORM! ONE MORE AND YOU'RE ON REMAND.
CAN WE PLEASE FOCUS?
TOO DARK, MEGS. BUT LET ME PRESS THIS, THIS AND THIS, AND—


LOOK AT THAT! NO STARS.
HOW COME? ARE WE IN BETWEEN GALAXIES?
IS THAT EVEN HOW SPACE WORKS?
ACCORDING TO THE SCANNER THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE—ABOUT THREE THOUSAND MILES AWAY...
IN WHICH DIRECTION?
EVERY DIRECTION.
—BOOM! LIGHTS!
BUT—
WAIT, ARE YOU SAYING WE'RE INSIDE SOMETHING?
SOMETHING SPHERICAL.
BUT THREE THOUSAND MILES... THAT'S PLANET-SIZED.
THAT'S A HALF-HOUR JOURNEY.
EH?
HALF AN HOUR FROM HERE TO THE INNER SURFACE.
DO IT.
STRANGE. THE TELEPORT DRIVE KEEPS TRYING TO PREP ITSELF FOR IGNITION.
I THINK BY FLYING CLOSER TO A SOLID OBJECT WE'RE FORCING THE BOPPOD TO WORK AGAINST ITS SAFETY PROTOCOLS.
SO DISABLE THE PROTOCOLS...
WELL OBVIOUSLY THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO—

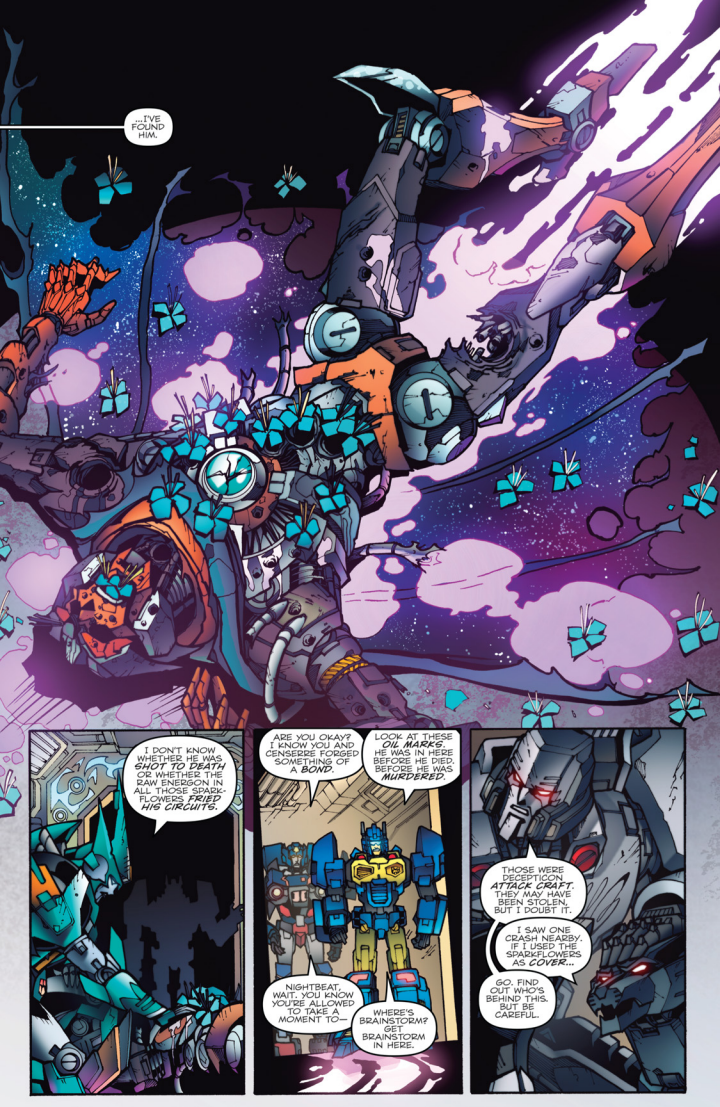

—DO.
CLAP CLAP CLAP
THAT'S A SARCASTIC ROUND OF APPLAUSE.
THANK YOU, RODIMUS. WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING USEFUL WITH YOUR HANDS AND EITHER STUFF THEM IN YOUR MOUTH...
"...OR OPEN THE DOORS."
THIS IS THE NECROBOT'S PLANET.
WHY ARE WE HERE, OF ALL PLACES?
HOW FAR DID WE TELEPORT, NAUTICA?
NOT FAR. WE WERE ON THE INSIDE OF THE PLANET... NOW WE'RE ON THE OUTSIDE.
YOU OKAY THERE? YOU'RE KIND OF SHAKING.
ARE YOU KIDDING? A HOLLOW PLANET? A CAMOUFLAGED PLANET?
IT'S TOO MUCH! I'M OVERDOSING ON THE UNEXPLAINED.
OF ALL THE PLACES...
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
NOT PARTICULARLY. IF I'D KNOWN THAT WE'D COME BACK HERE...
I KNOW. BUT WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.

BA-KOOM
WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!
OVER THERE—
—ATTACK CRAFT! TEN—NO, TWELVE OF THEM!
THAT'S AN ENTIRE SQUADRON! BACK TO THE RODPOD, EVERYONE—WE'RE LEAVING!
WE'LL TELEPORT BACK TO THE *LOST LIGHT* AND RETHINK OUR STRATEGY!
WE HAD A *STRATEGY*?!
JUST ***RUN***, PEOPLE!


BRACE YOURSELF FOR SOME HILARIOUS NEWS, MEGATRON—
—THE TELEPORT ENGINES ARE DEAD!
YOU SAID THEY HAD ENOUGH POWER TO GET US HOME! I KNOW WE JUMPED TO THE SURFACE, BUT—
I'M NOT MAKING THIS UP, YOU KNOW!
THEN TELL THE LOST LIGHT TO COME AND GET US!
WELL, OBVIOUSLY THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO! THERE'S NO RESPONSE!
THEY'RE NOT RESPONDING!
THOSE ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS!
PROXIMITY
WARNING
HAS ANYONE GOT ANY IDEA WHO'S ATTACKING US?
I'M MAKING A LIST OF SUSPECTS. I'M ON "E."
"EVERYONE WE'VE EVER MET."
THERE, YOU'RE WELCOME.
MEGATRON, THOSE HOLO-STATUES LOOK FAMILIAR. WE'RE NOT FAR FROM THE NECROBOTS' FORTRESS. IF WE CAN GET INSIDE...
IT'S NOT A FORTRESS.
BELIEVE ME—RIGHT NOW, AS FAR AS YOU AND I ARE CONCERNED—AS FAR AS EVERYONE ON BOARD IS CONCERNED...

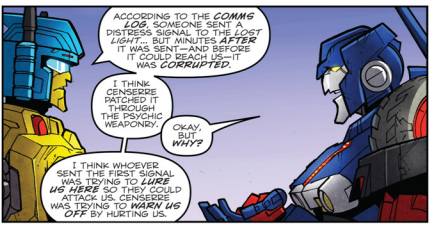
...THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT IS.
KPOOM
CRUMMP

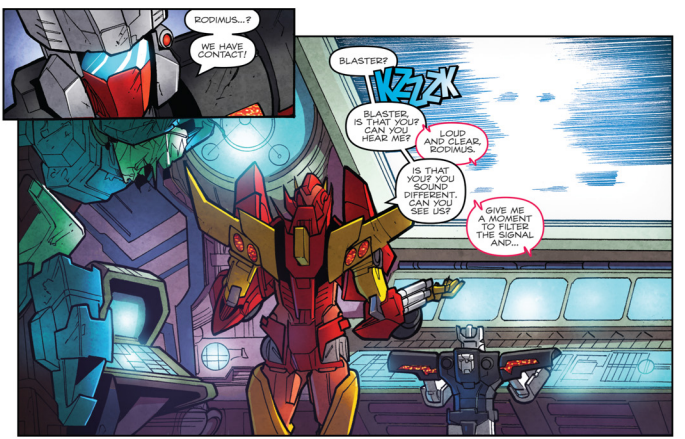
CHOOM CHOOM
BRA-KOOM
EVERYONE! INSIDE! NOW!
IT'S GONE QUIET. THEY'RE RETREATING.
WHERE'S THE NEOROBOT? WHERE'S CENSERE?
NEVER MIND...

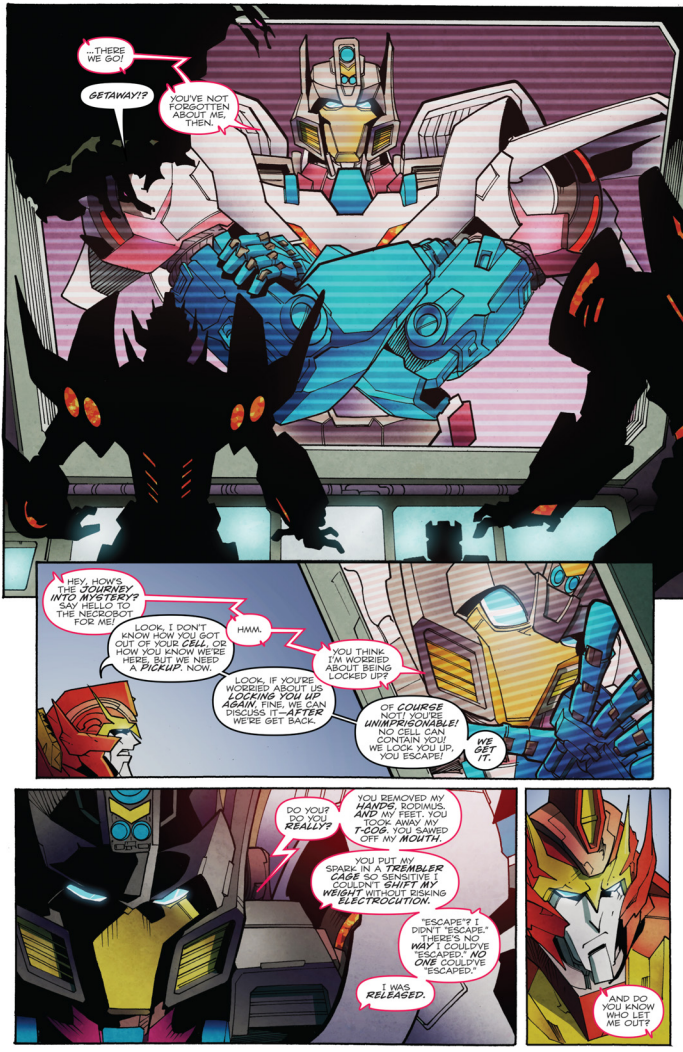

...I'VE FOUND HIM.
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER HE WAS *SHOT TO DEATH* OR WHETHER THE RAW ENERGON IN ALL THOSE SPARKFLOWERS *FRIED HIS CIRCUITS*.
ARE YOU OKAY? I KNOW YOU AND CENSIBBE FOUGHT SOMETHING OF A *BOND*.
LOOK AT THESE *OIL MARKS*. HE WAS IN HERE BEFORE HE DIED, BEFORE HE WAS *MURDERED*.
NIGHTBEAT, WAIT. YOU KNOW YOU'RE ALLOWED TO TAKE A MOMENT TO—
WHERE'S BRAINSTORM? GET BRAINSTORM IN HERE.
THOSE WERE DECEPTICON *ATTACK CRAFT*. THEY MAY HAVE BEEN STOLEN, BUT I DOUBT IT.
I SAW ONE CRASH NEARBY. IF I USED THE SPARKFLOWERS AS *COVER*...
GO. FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND THIS. BUT BE CAREFUL.

YOUR FRIEND HAD ACCESS TO ALL KINDS OF WEIRD CRAP.
INCLUDING PSYCHIC WEAPONRY?
KIND OF. SOME OF THIS EQUIPMENT USES ELEMENTS OF AEGUITECH. YKNOW—GUILT-DETECTION AND STUFF.
HE PROBABLY USED IT TO ESTABLISH CULPABILITY—TO MATCH THE KILLER TO THE CORPSES, SO HE COULD PLANT HIS SPARKFLOWERS.

SORRY, GUYS. D'YOU MIND SPECULATING OVER THERE? RODIMUS WANTS ME TO PHONE HOME...


ACCORDING TO THE COMMS LOG, SOMEONE SENT A DISTRESS SIGNAL TO THE LOST LIGHT... BUT MINUTES AFTER IT WAS SENT—AND BEFORE IT COULD REACH US—IT WAS CORRUPTED.
I THINK CENSERRE PATCHED IT THROUGH THE PSYCHIC WEAPONRY.
OKAY, BUT WHY?
I THINK WHOEVER SENT THE FIRST SIGNAL WAS TRYING TO LURE US HERE SO THEY COULD ATTACK US. CENSERRE WAS TRYING TO WARN US OFF BY HURTING US.

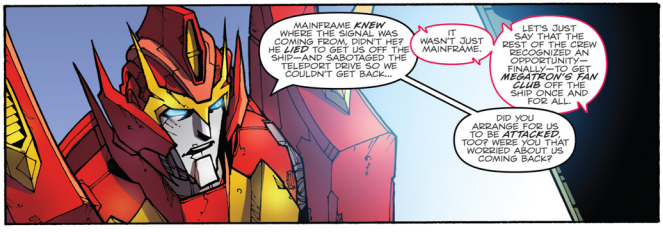

RODIMUS...?
WE HAVE CONTACT!
BLASTER?
KRZZK
BLASTER, IS THAT YOU? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
LOUD AND CLEAR, RODIMUS.
IS THAT YOU? YOU SOUND DIFFERENT. CAN YOU SEE US?
GIVE ME A MOMENT TO FILTER THE SIGNAL AND...


...THERE WE GO!
GETAWAY!?
YOU'VE NOT FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME, THEN.
HEY, HOW'S THE JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY? SAY HELLO TO THE NECROBOT FOR ME!
LOOK, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT OUT OF YOUR CELL, OR HOW YOU KNOW WE'RE HERE, BUT WE NEED A PICKUP, NOW.
HMM.
LOOK, IF YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT US LOCKING YOU UP AGAIN, FINE. WE CAN DISCUSS IT—AFTER WE'RE GET BACK.
YOU THINK I'M WORRIED ABOUT BEING LOCKED UP?
OF COURSE NOT! YOU'RE UNIMPRISONABLE! NO CELL CAN CONTAIN YOU! WE LOCK YOU UP, YOU ESCAPE!
WE GET IT.
DO YOU? DO YOU REALLY?
YOU REMOVED MY HANDS, RODIMUS, AND MY FEET. YOU TOOK AWAY MY TOOLS. YOU SAWED OFF MY MOUTH.
YOU PUT MY SPARK IN A TREMBLER CAGE SO SENSITIVE I COULDN'T SHIFT MY WEIGHT WITHOUT RISKING ELECTROCUTION.
"ESCAPE"? I DIDN'T "ESCAPE." THERE'S NO WAY I COULD'VE "ESCAPED." NO ONE COULD'VE "ESCAPED."
I WAS RELEASED.
AND DO YOU KNOW WHO LET ME OUT?

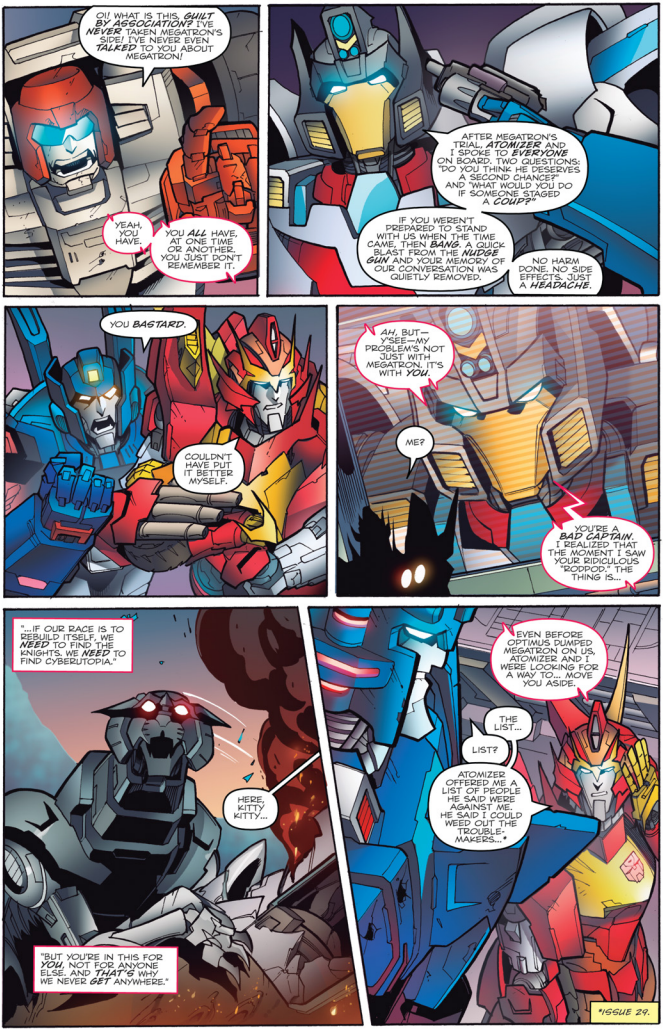
EVERYONE.

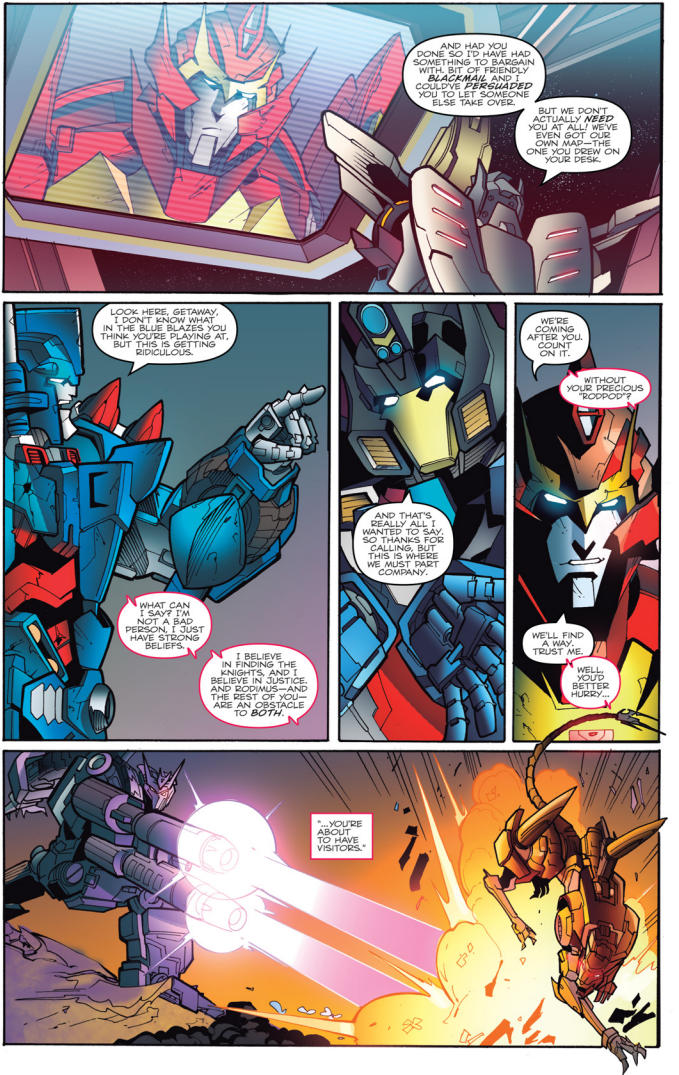
WHAT'S GOING ON?
MUTINY. THAT'S WHAT.

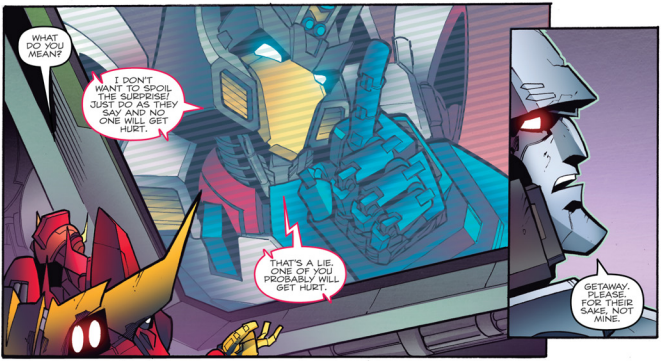
WELCOME TO THE NEW WAR, CAPTAINS.
ALL OF YOU VERSUS ALL OF US—AND I HEREBY DECLARE US THE WINNERS.

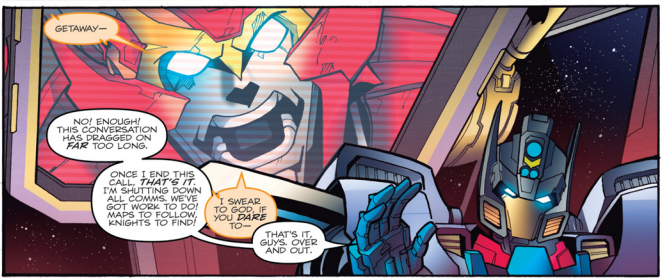

MAINFRAME KNEW WHERE THE SIGNAL WAS COMING FROM, DIDN'T HE? HE LIED TO GET US OFF THE SHIP—AND SABOTAGED THE TELEPORT DRIVE SO WE COULDN'T GET BACK...
IT WASN'T JUST MAINFRAME.
LET'S JUST SAY THAT THE REST OF THE CREW RECOGNIZED AN OPPORTUNITY—FINALLY—TO GET MEGATRON'S FAN CLUB OFF THE SHIP ONCE AND FOR ALL.
DID YOU ARRANGE FOR US TO BE ATTACKED, TOO? WERE YOU THAT WORRIED ABOUT US COMING BACK?

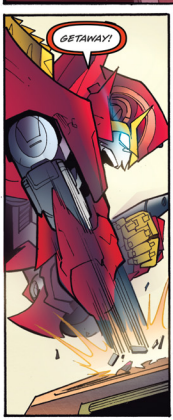
LET ME ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS WITH ONE OF MY OWN:
BY WHAT *TORTURED LOGIC* DID *HIGH COMMAND* CONCLUDE THAT LETTING AN *UNREPENTANT MASS MURDERER* OFF THE HOOK REPRESENTED ANYTHING *OTHER* THAN AN *INSULT* TO THE MEMORY OF THE *BILLIONS* HE KILLED?
SERIOUSLY—CAN SOMEONE EXPLAIN TO ME HOW THE WAR CAN END WITH THE *INSTIGATOR* BEING ALLOWED TO GO ABOUT HIS BUSINESS *AS IF NOTHING HAPPENED?*
THE DEATH CAMPS/ THE MASSACRES/ THE CITIES RAZED TO THE GROUND/ APPARENTLY ALL OF THEM WERE JUST *MISSTEPS*—PAINFUL BUT NECESSARY—ON MEGATRON'S *PATH TO SELF-DISCOVERY!*
LOOK, *I BET IT* WHEN I HEARD OPTIMUS WAS PUTTING MEGATRON ON BOARD, I WAS *FUMING.*
YES, BECAUSE YOU WERE AFRAID HE'D *SHOW YOU UP!* LOOK AT YOU NOW! BEST FRIENDS!
ALL OF YOU, NOT JUST RODIMUS! WHAT ARE YOU, HIS *ENTOURAGE?*
BY HELPING THAT *MANIAC* FIND PEACE YOU'RE EXCUSING HIS PAST BEHAVIOR AND SO IT FALLS TO US—*THE 99%*—TO REMIND YOU HOW *WRONG* THIS IS.
FORGIVENESS? REHABILITATION? REINTEGRATION?
NO.
NOT HIM. NOT NOW. NOT EVER.

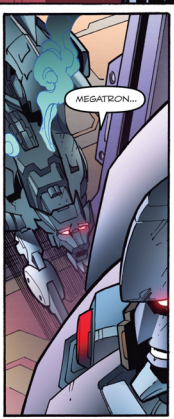

OI! WHAT IS THIS, GUILT BY ASSOCIATION? I'VE NEVER TAKEN MEGATRON'S SIDE! I'VE NEVER EVEN TALKED TO YOU ABOUT MEGATRON!
YEAH, YOU HAVE.
YOU ALL HAVE, AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER. YOU JUST DON'T REMEMBER IT.
AFTER MEGATRON'S TRIAL, ATOMIZER AND I SPOKE TO EVERYONE ON BOARD. TWO QUESTIONS: "DO YOU THINK HE DESERVES A SECOND CHANCE?" AND "WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF SOMEONE STAGED A COUP?"
IF YOU WEREN'T PREPARED TO STAND WITH US WHEN THE TIME CAME, THEN BANG. A QUICK BLAST FROM THE NUDGE GUN AND YOUR MEMORY OF OUR CONVERSATION WAS QUIETLY REMOVED.
NO HARM DONE. NO SIDE EFFECTS. JUST A HEADACHE.
YOU BASTARD.
COULDN'T HAVE PUT IT BETTER MYSELF.
AH, BUT—YSEE—MY PROBLEM'S NOT JUST WITH MEGATRON. IT'S WITH YOU.
ME?
YOU'RE A BAD CAPTAIN. I REALIZED THAT THE MOMENT I SAW YOUR RIDICULOUS "RODPOD." THE THING IS...
"...IF OUR RACE IS TO REBUILD ITSELF, WE NEED TO FIND THE KNIGHTS. WE NEED TO FIND CYBERUTOPIA."
HERE, KITTY, KITTY...
"BUT YOU'RE IN THIS FOR YOU, NOT FOR ANYONE ELSE. AND THAT'S WHY WE NEVER GET ANYWHERE."
EVEN BEFORE OPTIMUS DUMPED MEGATRON ON US, ATOMIZER AND I WERE LOOKING FOR A WAY TO... MOVE YOU ASIDE.
THE LIST...
LIST?
ATOMIZER OFFERED ME A LIST OF PEOPLE HE SAID WERE AGAINST ME. HE SAID I COULD WEED OUT THE TROUBLE-MAKERS...*
*ISSUE 29.


AND HAD YOU DONE SO I'D HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO BARGAIN WITH. BIT OF FRIENDLY BLACKMAIL AND I COULDVE PERSUADED YOU TO LET SOMEONE ELSE TAKE OVER.
BUT WE DON'T ACTUALLY NEED YOU AT ALL! WE'VE EVEN GOT OUR OWN MAP—THE ONE YOU DREW ON YOUR DESK.
LOOK HERE, GETAWAY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IN THE BLUE BLAZES YOU THINK YOU'RE PLAYING AT, BUT THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS.
WHAT CAN I SAY? I'M NOT A BAD PERSON, I JUST HAVE STRONG BELIEFS.
I BELIEVE IN FINDING THE KNIGHTS, AND I BELIEVE IN JUSTICE. AND RODIMUS—AND THE REST OF YOU—ARE AN OBSTACLE TO BOTH.
AND THAT'S REALLY ALL I WANTED TO SAY. SO THANKS FOR CALLING, BUT THIS IS WHERE WE MUST PART COMPANY.
WE'RE COMING AFTER YOU. COUNT ON IT.
WITHOUT YOUR PRECIOUS "RODPOD"?
WE'LL FIND A WAY. TRUST ME.
WELL, YOU'D BETTER HURRY...
"...YOU'RE ABOUT TO HAVE VISITORS."

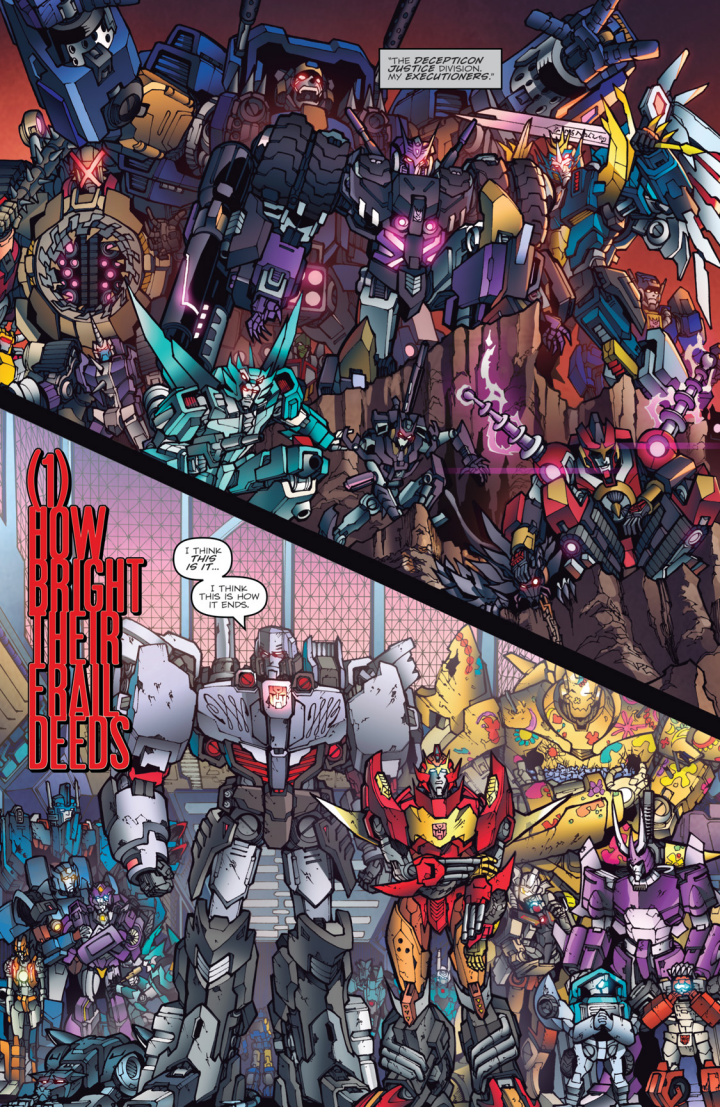

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL THE SURPRISE! JUST DO AS THEY SAY AND NO ONE WILL GET HURT.
THAT'S A LIE. ONE OF YOU PROBABLY WILL GET HURT.
GETAWAY. PLEASE. FOR THEIR SAKE, NOT MINE.


GETAWAY—
NO! ENOUGH! THIS CONVERSATION HAS DRAGGED ON *FAR* TOO LONG.
ONCE I END THIS CALL, ***THAT'S IT.*** I'M SHUTTING DOWN ALL COMMS. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO! MAPS TO FOLLOW. KNIGHTS TO FIND!
I SWEAR TO GOD, IF YOU ***DARE*** TO—
THAT'S IT. GUYS. OVER AND OUT.


GETAWAY!


MEGATRON...

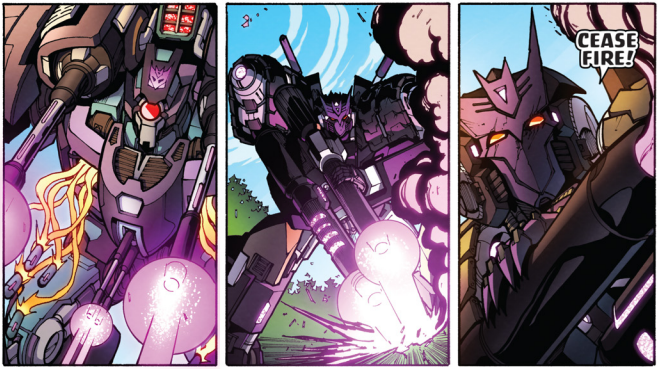
THEY'RE HERE, AREN'T THEY?
NOT JUST THEM... HUNDREDS...
WHO? WHO'S HERE?

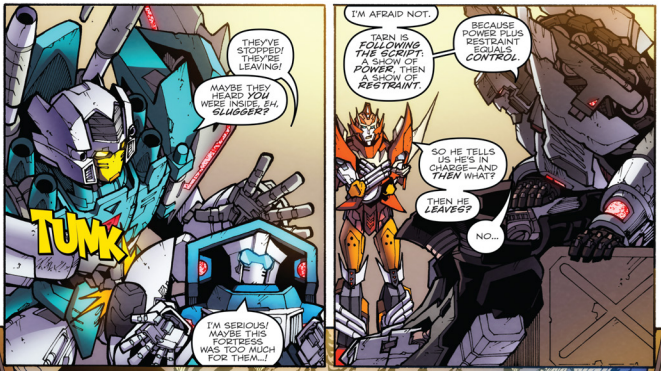

"THE DECEPTICON JUSTICE DIVISION, MY EXECUTIONERS."
(1) HOW BRIGHT THEIR FAIL DEEDS
I THINK THIS IS IT...
I THINK THIS IS HOW IT ENDS.

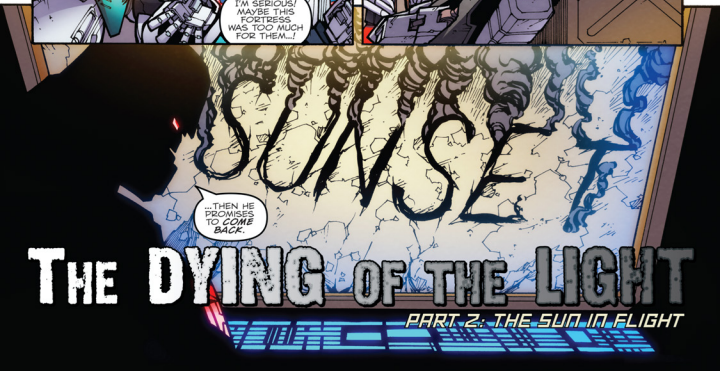
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #51 COVER A

by **ALEX MILNE** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

NECROWORLD.
"THE FORTRESS."
SO WE'RE JUST GONNA SIT HERE AND GET *KILLED*?!
YOU'D PREFER TO SIT *OUT THERE* AND GET KILLED?
INDOORS GETS MY VOTE.
CAN'T BEAT A GOOD CEILING.
WE'RE BEING *PUMMELLED!* HOW MANY OF THEM *ARE* THERE?!
BEAR WITH ME— ACTIVATING *VIDCAMS*...


CEASE FIRE!


THEY'VE STOPPED! THEY'RE LEAVING!
MAYBE THEY HEARD *YOU* WERE INSIDE, EH, *SLUGGER?*
TUNK
I'M SERIOUS! MAYBE THIS FORTRESS WAS TOO MUCH FOR THEM...!
I'M AFRAID NOT.
TARN IS *FOLLOWING THE SCRIPT*: A SHOW OF *POWER*, THEN A SHOW OF *RESTRAINT*.
BECAUSE POWER PLUS RESTRAINT EQUALS *CONTROL*.
SO, HE TELLS US HE'S IN CHARGE—AND *THEN* WHAT?
THEN HE *LEAVES?*
NO...


SUNSET
...THEN HE PROMISES TO *COME BACK*.
THE DYING OF THE LIGHT
PART 2: THE SUN IN FLIGHT

JUST SO YOU KNOW? *RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW* HAS REACHED THE TOP OF MY *SITUATIONS NEVER TO BE IN* LIST.

IS THERE ANY WAY WE CAN SUMMON ASSISTANCE?

NOT NOW. *GETAWAY'S* PUT US ON *MUTE.**

SCREW GETAWAY.

CALL CYBERTRON. CALL LUNA 1. CALL CAMINUS. CALL *EVERYONE.*

AND I APOLOGIZE FOR SWEARING.

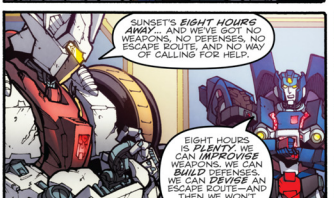
*LAST ISSUE.

IT'S TOO LATE. BY NOW, TARN'S BLOCKED ALL LONG-RANGE COMMUNICATIONS. EITHER THAT OR HE'S *SLOWED THE SIGNAL*—IN WHICH CASE IT'LL BE *WEEKS* BEFORE A MESSAGE IS HEARD.

ATTACK. WITHDRAW. ISOLATE. IT'S ALL IN THE SCRIPT.

I SHOULD KNOW.

I WROTE IT.



THE PEACEFUL TYRANNY. TARN'S QUARTERS.

IMPRESSED? THEY'RE ALL *FIRST EDITIONS*.

THEY'RE ALL *DEAD MINERS*...

THEY DIED ON MEGATINE. *TERMINUS* ARRANGED FOR *MEGATRON'S WRITINGS* TO BE INSCRIBED ON THEIR VISCERA BEFORE THEY WERE SHIPPED HOME.

VERY RESOURCEFUL FELLOW, TERMINUS.

NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

HE'S BEEN AIRBRUSHED OUT OF HISTORY—UNFAIRLY, IN MY VIEW.

BUT YOU'RE NOT HERE TO TALK ABOUT THE PAST.

MY TROOPS ARE *CONFUSED*. THEY'RE ASKING WHY WE'RE HERE.

IT'S REALLY NOT THAT *DIFFICULT*.

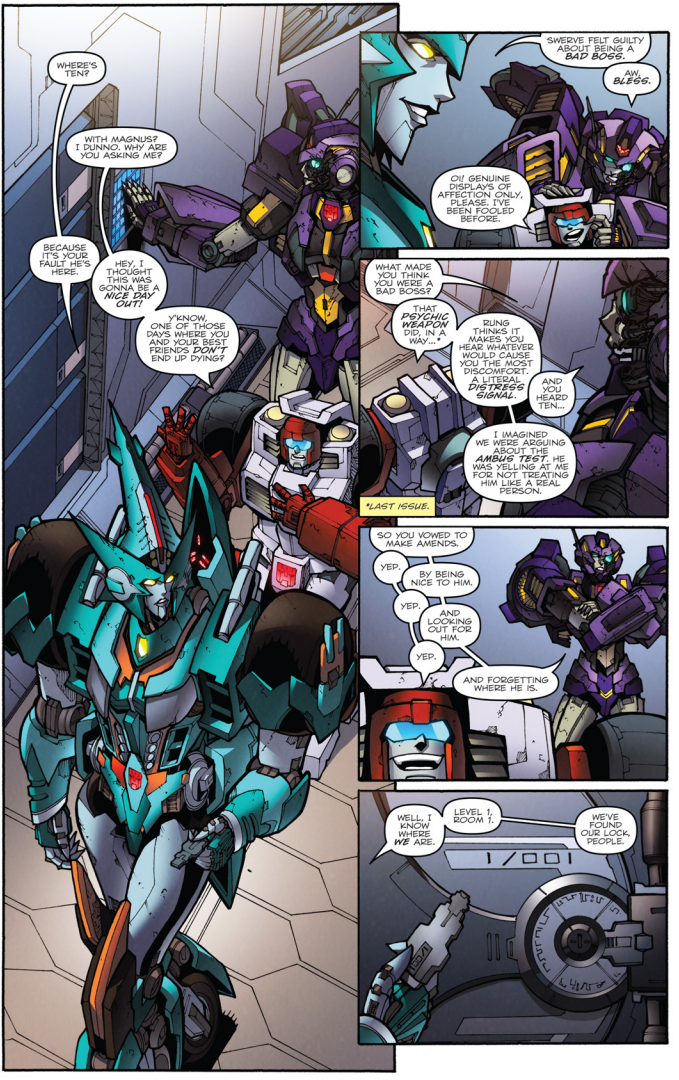
THE *LOST LIGHT* IS *FAST*. GROUNDING MEGATRON MADE *FAR* MORE SENSE THAN CHASING HIM ACROSS THE GALAXY—AND THE NECROBOT MADE FOR THE PERFECT BAIT.

LET ME *REPHRASE* THAT: MY TROOPS ARE ASKING WHY WE'RE *STILL HERE*. YOU HAD THE AUTOBOTS ON THE ROPES—WHY BACK OFF?

A SWIFT DEATH BENEFITS NO ONE BUT THE VICTIM. LET THE AUTOBOTS WAIT. LET THEM PANIC AND ARGUE. LET THEM LOSE THEMSELVES IN A *FRENZY OF REPROACH*.

POSTPONING OUR ASSAULT WASN'T AN ACT OF MERCY, DEATHSAURUS.

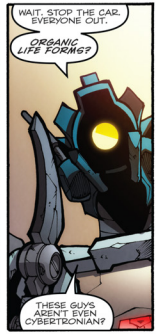
IT WAS AN ACT OF TORTURE.


WHERE'S TEN?
WITH MAGNUS? I DUNNO. WHY ARE YOU ASKING ME?
BECAUSE IT'S YOUR FAULT HE'S HERE.
HEY, I THOUGHT THIS WAS GONNA BE A NICE DAY OUT!
Y'KNOW, ONE OF THOSE DAYS WHERE YOU AND YOUR BEST FRIENDS DON'T END UP DYING?
SWERVE FELT GUILTY ABOUT BEING A BAD BOSS.
AW, BLEGG.
OH! GENUINE DISPLAYS OF AFFECTION ONLY, PLEASE. I'VE BEEN FOOLED BEFORE.
WHAT MADE YOU THINK YOU WERE A BAD BOSS?
THAT PSYCHIC WEAPON DID, IN A WAY...*
RUNG THINKS IT MAKES YOU HEAR WHATEVER WOULD CAUSE YOU THE MOST DISCOMFORT A LITERAL DISTRESS SIGNAL.
AND YOU HEARD TEN...
I IMAGINED WE WERE ARGUING ABOUT THE AMBUSH TEST. HE WAS YELLING AT ME FOR NOT TREATING HIM LIKE A REAL PERSON.
*LAST ISSUE.
SO YOU VOWED TO MAKE AMENDS.
YEP.
BY BEING NICE TO HIM.
YEP.
AND LOOKING OUT FOR HIM.
YEP.
AND FORGETTING WHERE HE IS.
WELL, I KNOW WHERE WE ARE.
LEVEL 1, ROOM 1.
WE'VE FOUND OUR LOCK PEOPLE.
1/001

HMM.
OKAY, SO THE BAD NEWS IS THAT WE'RE COMPREHENSIVELY WEAPONLESS. OUR DEFENSES AMOUNT TO A GIANT UMBRELLA, AND THE ONLY TRANSPORT IN THIS PAPER-THIN "FORTRESS" IS A SPACE SCOOTER SO UNCONVINCING IT NEEDS THE WORDS "SPACE SCOOTER" PAINTED ON IT.
WHAT'S THE GOOD NEWS?
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT GOOD NEWS?
I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS.
I'VE GOT NEWS SO GOOD YOU'LL WANT TO SETTLE DOWN WITH IT.
I'VE GOT NEWS SO GOOD YOU'LL WANT TO INTRODUCE IT TO YOUR FRIENDS.
I'M ASSUMING THAT MAKES SENSE TO OTHER PEOPLE.
GUESS WHAT THIS IS.
A BOOTH. A STASIS POD. A DOOR.
A DOOR!
AND NOT JUST ANY DOOR. THIS IS THE ONLY DOOR YOU'LL EVER NEED.
QUANTUM TECH. THAT'S HOW THE NECROBOT GOT AROUND: HE USED A TELEPORT CHAMBER TO GET FROM HERE TO ANYWHERE.
RIGHT NOW IT'S RUNNING LOW ON QUANTUM ENERGY—BUT IT'S CARRYING JUST ENOUGH CHARGE TO TAKE US ALL TO THE NEAREST ASTEROID.
WE CAN SEND A MESSAGE TO CYBERTRON. TELL THEM WHERE WE'RE GOING, AND GET PICKED UP IN A FEW WEEKS' TIME!
SO WE JUST STEP INSIDE THE CHAMBER AND... VOMF!
I MAKE NO GUARANTEES AS TO THE SOUND.

ALRIGHT THEN! FORM AN ORDERLY QUEUE— EX-DECEPTICONS AT THE BACK, EX-MATRIX BEARERS AT THE FRONT.
I TAKE IT WE'RE ALL HERE?
NO—
—NOT BY A LONG SHOT.
WE FOUND SOMETHING.
SOMETHING BETTER THAN NIGHTBEAT'S DOOR?
"BODIES, RODIMUS— DOZENS OF THEM. FIFTY, SIXTY AT LEAST.
"ALIVE, BUT LOCKED INSIDE LIFE SUPPORT PODS. THEY APPEAR TO BE IN A KIND OF CHEMICALLY INDUCED COMA. LEAST I THINK SO."

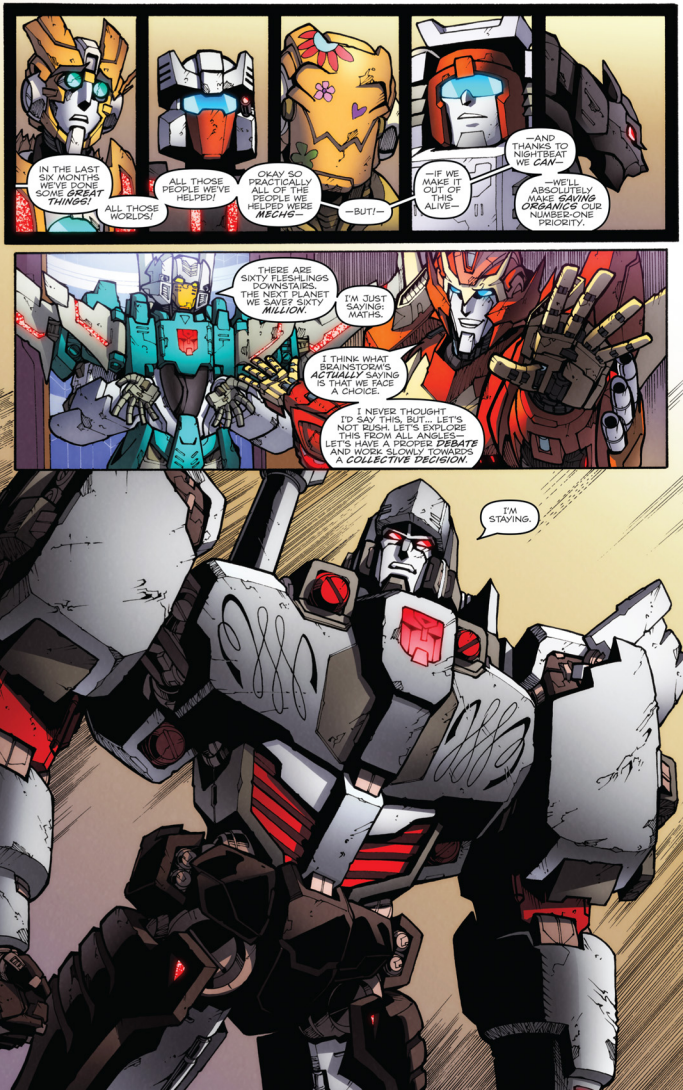
YOU "THINK" SO...
I HAVEN'T CARRIED OUT A THOROUGH CHECK—I WAS WORRIED TO DISTURB THEM.
IN ANY CASE, I DON'T HAVE EXPERIENCE OF DEALING WITH ORGANIC LIFE FORMS.


WAIT. STOP THE CAR. EVERYONE OUT.
ORGANIC LIFE FORMS?
THESE GUYS AREN'T EVEN CYBERTRONIAN?

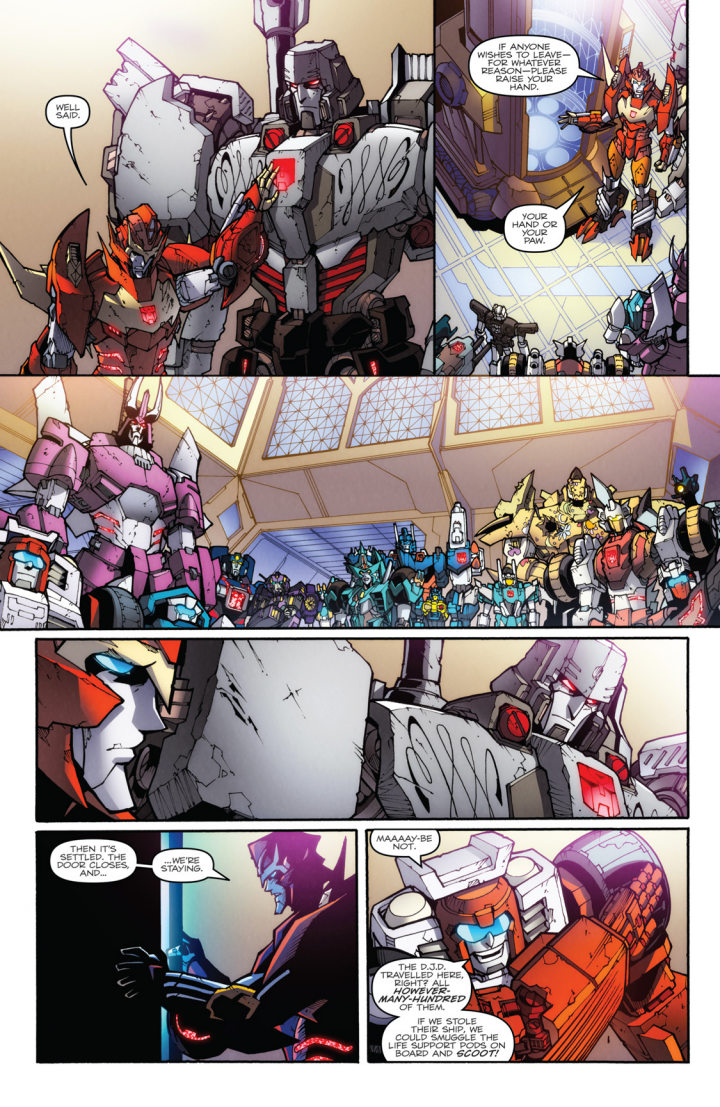
NO. BUT THEY'RE ALIVE AND THEY'RE VULNERABLE. AND THEIR LIFE SUPPORT PODS WON'T FIT THROUGH NIGHTBEAT'S DOOR.
THE D.J.D. HATE ORGANICS—THEY LEARNED THAT FROM HIM. IF WE LEAVE THEM BEHIND, THEY'RE DEAD.
IF WE STAY BEHIND, WE'RE ALL DEAD.
WHY WAS THE NECROBOT KEEPING FLESHLINGS IN THE BASEMENT?
DOES IT MATTER?
I SUPPOSE NOT.

RODIMUS...?
HI.
WHAT DO WE DO?
WHAT DO WE DO. WHAT DO WE DO. WHAT DO WE DO.
EXCELLENT QUESTION.

LOOK. SOME PEOPLE MIGHT SAY IT.
—I'M JUST GONNA PUT THIS GENTLY ON ON THE TABLE—
—SOME PEOPLE MIGHT SAY THAT THE ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR... SIXTEEN OF US COULD DO A LOT OF GOOD IF WE LIVED TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY.


IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS WE'VE DONE SOME *GREAT THINGS!*
ALL THOSE WORLDS!
ALL THOSE PEOPLE WE'VE HELPED!
OKAY SO PRACTICALLY ALL OF THE PEOPLE WE HELPED WERE *MECHS*—
—BUT!—
—IF WE MAKE IT OUT OF THIS ALIVE—!
—AND THANKS TO NIGHTBEAT WE *CAN*—
—WE'LL ABSOLUTELY MAKE *SAVING ORGANICS* OUR NUMBER-ONE PRIORITY.
THERE ARE SIXTY FLESHLINGS DOWNSTAIRS. THE NEXT PLANET WE SAVE? SIXTY *MILLION.*
I'M JUST SAYING: MATHS.
I THINK WHAT BRAINSTORM'S *ACTUALLY* SAYING IS THAT WE FACE A CHOICE.
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS, BUT... LET'S NOT RUSH. LET'S EXPLORE THIS FROM ALL ANGLES. LET'S HAVE A PROPER *DEBATE* AND WORK SLOWLY TOWARDS A *COLLECTIVE DECISION.*
I'M STAYING.

TEN—
NOT! NOW!
YOU'RE STAYING. YOU'RE STAYING TO PROTECT THE ORGANICS.
YOU.
YOU HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE SURPRISED.
YOU'LL DIE.
I EXPECT SO.
I'M NOT TRYING TO GET AN EXAMPLE. IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN, I'VE MADE MY CHOICE, ECOMUS. YOU'RE FREE TO MAKE YOURS.
IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF GESTURE...
YOU'RE ALL FREE TO MAKE YOURS.
ANYONE WHO WISHES TO LEAVE SHOULD LEAVE. NO QUESTIONS NEED BE ASKED, NO REASONS GIVEN. THE SAME IF YOU WANT TO STAY.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO JUSTIFY YOUR ACTIONS, OR EXPLAIN YOUR MOTIVES, OR INVITE OTHERS TO SCRUTINIZE YOUR CONSCIENCE.
EITHER YOU STAY OR YOU GO. YOU DON'T NEED ANYONE'S PERMISSION. YOU DON'T NEED ANYONE'S BLESSING.
MAKE WHATEVER DECISION YOU WISH TO MAKE— BUT MAKE IT FOR YOURSELF.
AND LET ME ASSURE YOU: THERE IS NOTHING IN THIS ROOM BUT UNDERSTANDING.


WELL SAID.
IF ANYONE WISHES TO LEAVE—FOR WHATEVER REASON—PLEASE RAISE YOUR HAND.
YOUR HAND OR YOUR PAW.
THEN IT'S SETTLED. THE DOOR CLOSES. AND...
...WE'RE STAYING.
MAAAAY-BE NOT.
THE D.J.D. TRAVELLED HERE, RIGHT? ALL *HOWEVER-MANY-HUNDRED* OF THEM.
IF WE STOLE THEIR SHIP, WE COULD SMUGGLE THE LIFE SUPPORT PODS ON BOARD AND *SCOOT!*

I... THINK I'M GOING TO SELECT "WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY'VE PAUSED" FROM THE LONG, LONG LIST OF REASONS WHY YOUR PLAN IS RUBBISH.
LET HIM FINISH.
THAT'S IT. I'M DONE. THAT'S MY PLAN.
AH.
I KNOW WHAT THE D.I.D. SMELLS LIKE. I CAN FOLLOW THEIR SCENT, FIND THEIR SHIP.
BRILLIANT! DO IT!
THAT'S WHAT I LOVE ABOUT THIS TEAM...
"...EVERYONE'S GOT SOMETHING TO CONTRIBUTE."
RAVAGE?
PLEASE, WHILE I'M GONE...
...TALK TO HIM.

THE PEACEFUL TYRANNY.

KAON'S ESTABLISHED A *BASE CAMP* IN QUADRANT 6/64...

AT *T-MINUS TWO HOURS* WE'LL JOIN HIM, BEFORE SURROUNDING THE AUTOBOTS' BASE OF OPERATIONS.

SHOULDN'T WE BE DOING THAT *NOW?* THEY MIGHT MAKE A RUN FOR IT.

IF THEY'RE DOING ANYTHING AT ALL, *NICKEL*, THEY'RE NAILING PLANKS OVER THE WINDOWS AND PRAYING FOR A MIRACLE.

YOU SAW WHO WE'RE DEALING WITH. A FEW HEAVY HITTERS, GRANTED, BUT THE REST? AN ARCHIVIST, A MNEMOSURGEON, A PSYCHIATRIST AND SOME *MINIBOTS*.

I EXPECT MEGATRON RAN OUT OF PATIENCE WITH THEM *MONTHS* AGO.

FORGET PLANKS ON WINDOWS—I SAW A *STORM-SHIELD GENERATOR* IN THERE. THE NECROBOT MUSTVE USED IT TO PROTECT THE GLASS CEILING.

IT'S CALLED AN *ATRIUM*.

NO, IT'S DEFINITELY A STORM-SHIELD. *HERETECH* HAD ONE.

WELL, IF IT *HAILS* BEFORE SUNSET THEY CAN AT LEAST KEEP THEMSELVES *DRY*.

I KNOW, BUT STORM-SHIELDS CAN BE *MODIFIED*. HERETECH KEPT US AT BAY FOR *DAYS*.

AND HE DRAINED HIS WARWORLD OF ENERGY TO DO IT. THERE ISN'T ENOUGH POWER IN THE NECROBOT'S BASE TO PULL OFF A SIMILAR STUNT.

OKAY, OKAY. JUST TRYING TO—

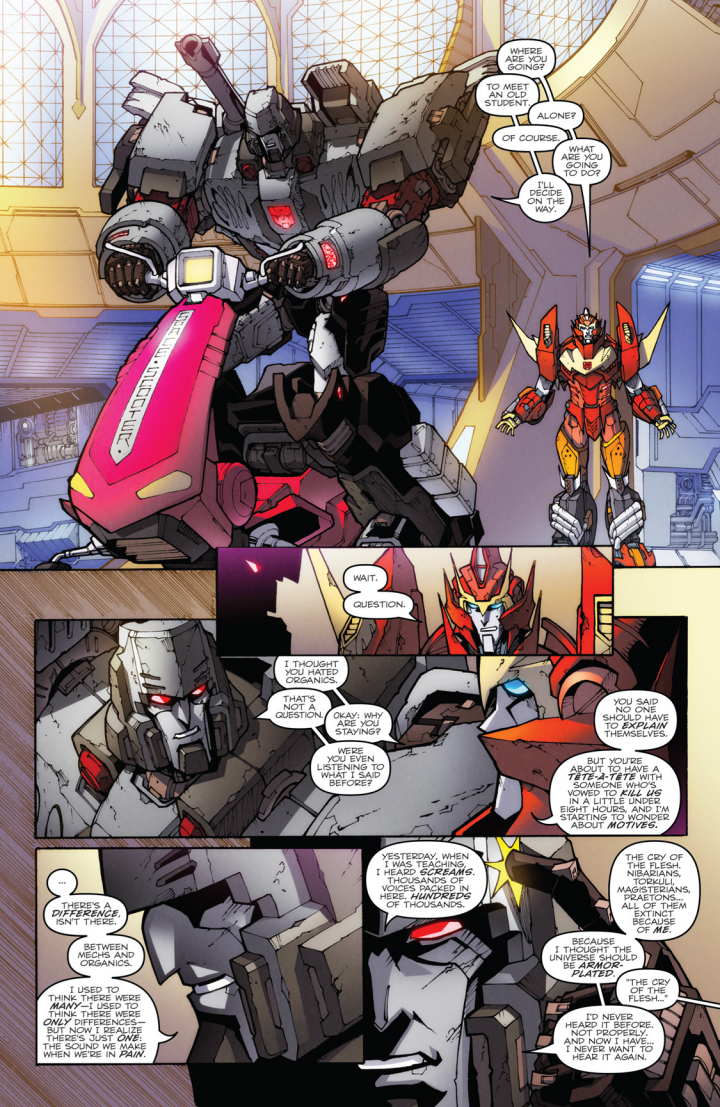
QUIET!

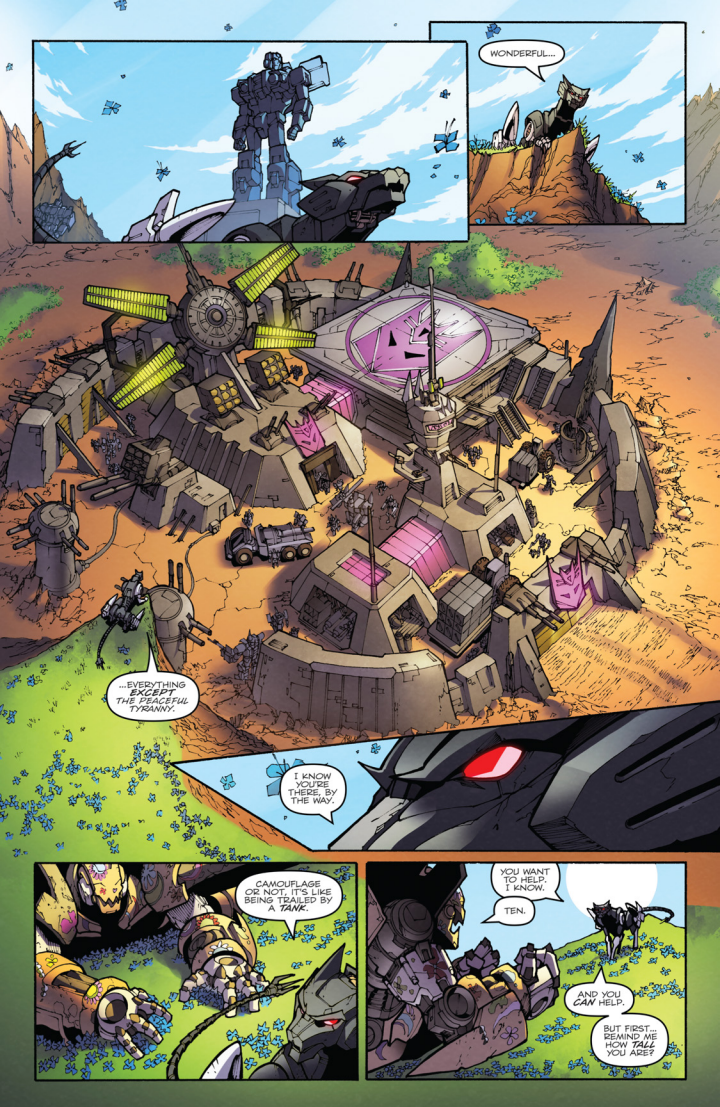
I WAS ONLY—

QUIET!

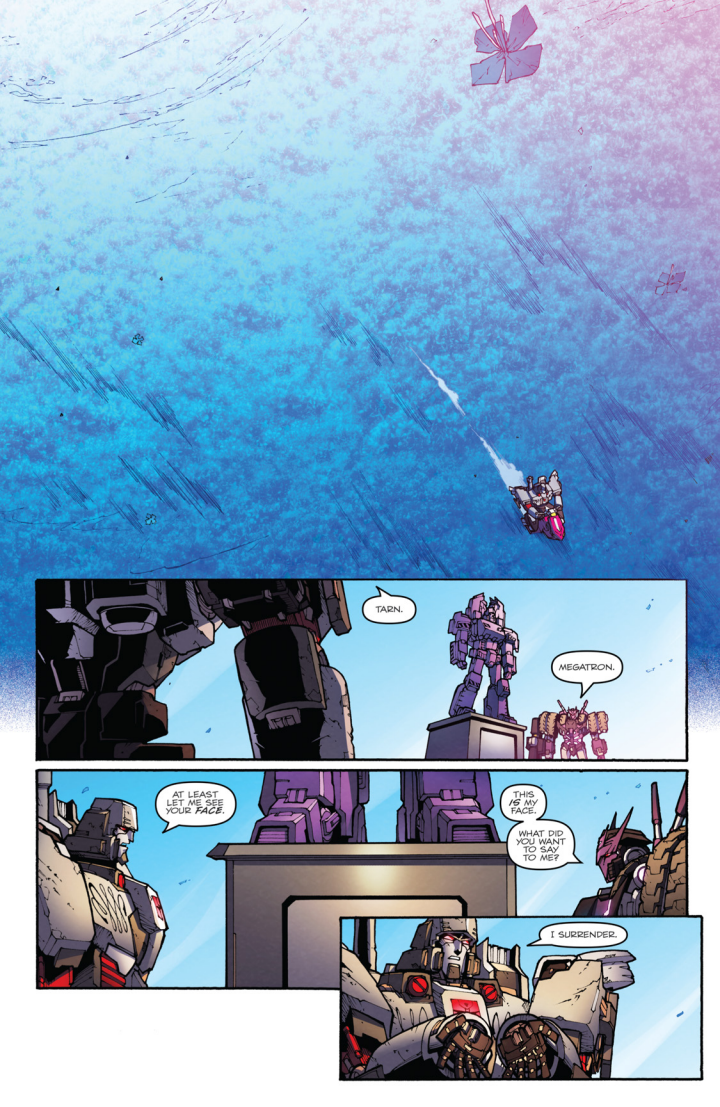
BZZT BZZT

ONLY ONE PERSON HAS THIS NUMBER.


WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO MEET AN OLD STUDENT.
ALONE?
OF COURSE.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
I'LL DECIDE ON THE WAY.
WAIT.
QUESTION.
I THOUGHT YOU HATED ORGANICS.
THAT'S NOT A QUESTION.
OKAY: WHY ARE YOU STAYING?
WERE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO WHAT I SAID BEFORE?
YOU SAID NO ONE SHOULD HAVE TO EXPLAIN THEMSELVES.
BUT YOU'RE ABOUT TO HAVE A TÊTE-A-TÊTE WITH SOMEONE WHO'D VOWED TO KILL US IN A LITTLE UNDER EIGHT HOURS, AND I'M STARTING TO WONDER ABOUT MOTIVES.
...
THERE'S A DIFFERENCE, ISN'T THERE.
BETWEEN MECHS AND ORGANICS.
I USED TO THINK THERE WERE MANY—I USED TO THINK THERE WERE ONLY DIFFERENCES—BUT NOW I REALIZE THERE'S JUST ONE: THE SOUND WE MAKE WHEN WE'RE IN PAIN.
YESTERDAY, WHEN I WAS TEACHING, I HEARD SCREAMS. THOUSANDS OF VOICES PACKED IN HERE. HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.
THE CRY OF THE FLESH. NIBARIANS, TORULLI, MAGISTERIANS, PRAETONS... ALL OF THEM EXTINCT BECAUSE OF ME.
BECAUSE I THOUGHT THE UNIVERSE SHOULD BE ARMOR-PLATED.
"THE CRY OF THE FLESH..."
I'D NEVER HEARD IT BEFORE. NOT PROPERLY. AND NOW I HAVE... I NEVER WANT TO HEAR IT AGAIN.


WONDERFUL....
...EVERYTHING *EXCEPT* THE *PEACEFUL* TYRANNY.
I KNOW YOU'RE THERE, BY THE WAY.
CAMOUFLAGE OR NOT, IT'S LIKE BEING TRAILED BY A *TANK*.
YOU WANT TO HELP. I KNOW.
TEN.
AND YOU *CAN* HELP.
BUT FIRST... REMIND ME HOW *TALL* YOU ARE?

KOOM
UP THERE! ON THE HILL!
PLAYTIME...!
KZZZZZT


TARN.
MEGATRON.
AT LEAST LET ME SEE YOUR FACE.
THIS IS MY FACE.
WHAT DID YOU WANT TO SAY TO ME?
I SURRENDER.

TEN-TEN-TEN-TEN-TUHH!
"THAT'S IT—KEEP THEM BUSY."
AS A STALKER, YOU GET ZERO MARKS, BUT AS A DISTRACTION? YOU LIVE UP TO YOUR NAME.
YOU'VE GIVEN ME TIME TO FOLLOW MY NOSE. BECAUSE IT MAY NOT BE THE PEACEFUL TYRANNY, BUT I CAN SMELL A SHIP NEARBY...
ANYONE SEEN TEN?
HE WAS OVER THERE, BY THE STORM-SHIELD GENERATOR.
RODIMUS TOLD HIM OFF FOR INTERRUPTING. I THINK HE WAS TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING.
YEAH...
...I THINK HE STILL IS.

...
ANY LAST NUMBERS?
HCK!
NOW THEN—
—IN BETWEEN GETTING YOUR ARSES KICKED...

...PERHAPS YOU COULD TELL US WHAT WE'VE MISSED.

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #51 COVER SUB

by **ANDREW GRIFFITH**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #52 COVER A

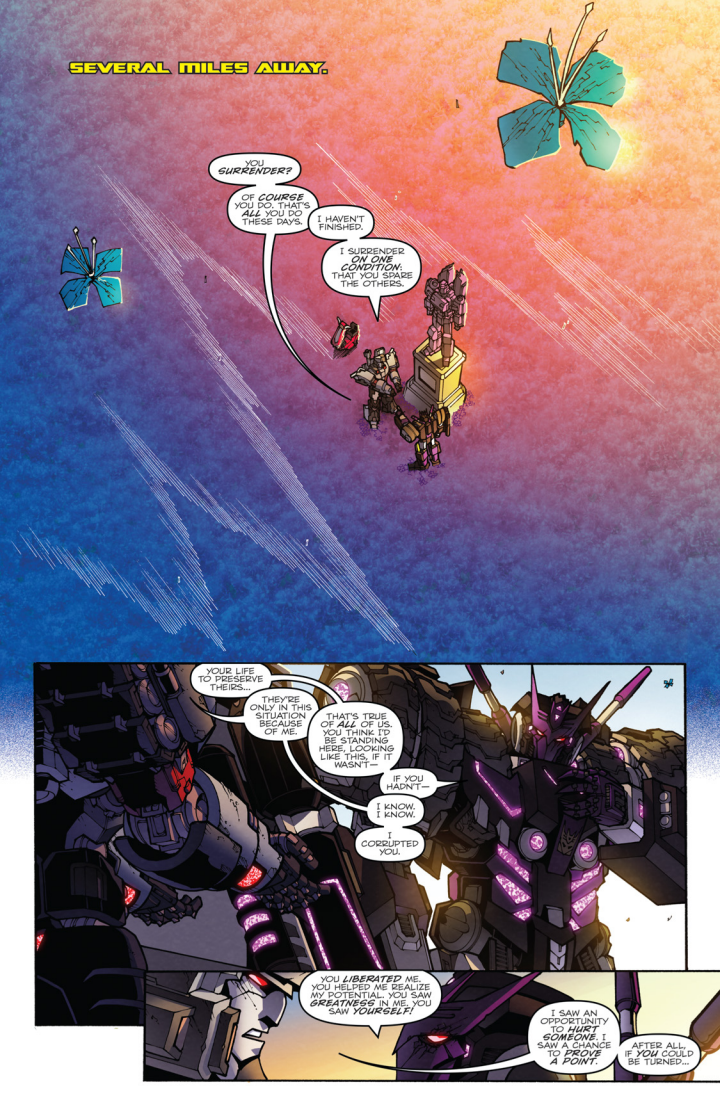
by **ALEX MILNE** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

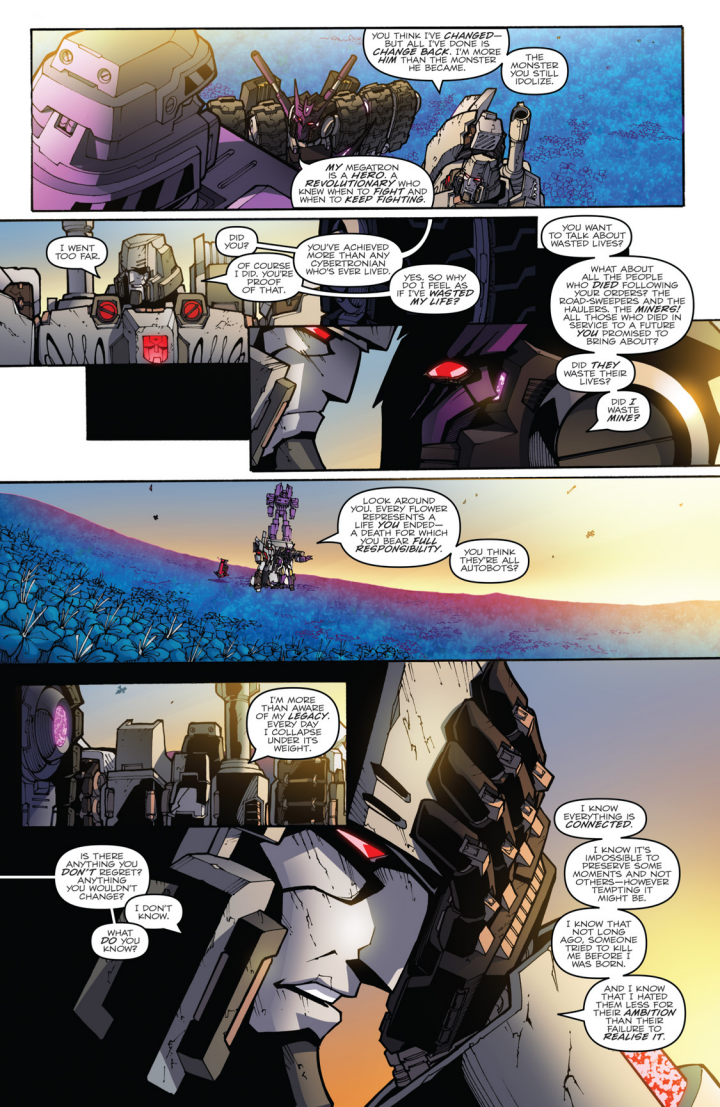
NECROWORLD.
WHO ARE THESE GUYS? THEY'RE A CUT ABOVE THE GENERICONS WE NORMALLY FIGHT...*
YOU KNOW, RATCHET, JUST BECAUSE I USED TO SHOOT FOR THE OTHER SIDE DOESN'T MEAN I KNOW EVERY DECEPTICON EVER. THAT SAID—
THANK YOU!
—I SUSPECT WE'RE DEALING WITH TEAM DEATHSAURUS AND SOME OF THE D.J.D.—WHICH IS ODD, GIVEN THAT DEATHSAURUS AND TARN HATE EACH OTHER.
YEAH, BUT C'MON—IF WE CAN TEAM UP, ANYONE CAN.
*SEE DRIFT: EMPIRE OF STONE FOR MORE OF RATCHET AND DRIFT'S ADVENTURES AFTER MTMTE #40.
THE DYING OF THE LIGHT
PART 3: YOUR FIERCE TEARS
RAARRGH!
RATCHET!

THOK
NO!
TEN?
TAKE THEM APART!
HFF!
ANYONE ELSE FEELING SLIGHTLY *OVER-WHELMED?*
DRIFT! SAY SOMETHING *INSPIRATIONAL!* I FIGHT BETTER WHEN I'M ANNOYED!
HOW ABOUT I DO *THIS* INSTEAD...

BACK OFF, BACK OFF RIGHT NOW—
—OR, I'LL PUT THIS ONE DOWN.
YOU CAN'T ACTUALLY BE—
KAON, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.
EVERYONE STOP! FALL BACK!
FALL BACK!
CUTE. BUT WHAT NOW? AND DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT PRAYING.
HM.
PERHAPS A BRISK LITANY WOULD—
NO.
I'VE LIVED THIS LONG THANKS TO A COMBINATION OF LUCK, FORTITUDE AND UNRELENTING CYNICISM.
I'M NOT ABOUT TO START RELYING ON HELP FROM ABOVE...
ER... IS THAT OUR SHIP?

THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO LEAVE IT UNATTENDED.
NOW HURRY UP AND CLIMB ON...
RAVAGE?
"...BEFORE THIS BECOMES AN *ATTEMPTED* RESCUE."
FIRE!
BUT *THE PET'S* ON BOARD!
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LISTENED TO YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE!
FIRE!
KROOM
THAT FELT... PROBLEMATIC.
WE'RE GOING DOWN... I'LL TRY TO CRASH CLOSE TO THE FORTRESS...
FORTRESS?
WELCOME BACK, BY THE WAY. I GATHER YOU WERE MISSED.


SEVERAL MILES AWAY.
YOU SURRENDER?
OF COURSE YOU DO. THAT'S ALL YOU DO THESE DAYS.
I HAVEN'T FINISHED.
I SURRENDER ON ONE CONDITION. THAT YOU SPARE THE OTHERS.
YOUR LIFE TO PRESERVE THEIRS...
THEY'RE ONLY IN THIS SITUATION BECAUSE OF ME.
THAT'S TRUE OF ALL OF US. YOU THINK I'D BE STANDING HERE, LOOKING LIKE THIS, IF IT WASN'T—
IF YOU HADN'T—
I KNOW. I KNOW.
I CORRUPTED YOU.
YOU LIBERATED ME. YOU HELPED ME REALIZE MY POTENTIAL. YOU SAW GREATNESS IN ME. YOU SAW YOURSELF!
I SAW AN OPPORTUNITY TO HURT SOMEONE. I SAW A CHANCE TO PROVE A POINT.
AFTER ALL, IF YOU COULD BE TURNED...


YOU THINK I'VE CHANGED—BUT ALL I'VE DONE IS CHANGE BACK. I'M MORE HIM THAN THE MONSTER HE BECAME.
THE MONSTER YOU STILL IDOLIZE.
MY MEGATRON IS A HERO, A REVOLUTIONARY WHO KNEW WHEN TO FIGHT AND WHEN TO KEEP FIGHTING.
I WENT TOO FAR.
DID YOU?
OF COURSE I DID. YOU'RE PROOF OF THAT.
YOU'VE ACHIEVED MORE THAN ANY CYBERTRONIAN WHO'S EVER LIVED.
YES. SO WHY DO I FEEL AS IF I'VE WASTED MY LIFE?
YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT WASTED LIVES?
WHAT ABOUT ALL THE PEOPLE WHO DIED FOLLOWING YOUR ORDERS? THE ROAD-SWEEPERS AND THE HAULERS. THE MINERS! ALL THOSE WHO DIED IN SERVICE TO A FUTURE YOU PROMISED TO BRING ABOUT?
DID THEY WASTE THEIR LIVES?
DID I WASTE MINE?
LOOK AROUND YOU. EVERY FLOWER REPRESENTS A LIFE YOU ENDED—A DEATH FOR WHICH YOU BEAR FULL RESPONSIBILITY.
YOU THINK THEY'RE ALL AUTOBOTS?
I'M MORE THAN AWARE OF MY LEGACY. EVERY DAY I COLLAPSE UNDER ITS WEIGHT.
I KNOW EVERYTHING IS CONNECTED.
I KNOW IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO PRESERVE SOME MOMENTS AND NOT OTHERS—HOWEVER TEMPTING IT MIGHT BE.
I KNOW THAT NOT LONG AGO, SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL ME BEFORE I WAS BORN.
AND I KNOW THAT I HATED THEM LESS FOR THEIR AMBITION THAN THEIR FAILURE TO REALIZE IT.
IS THERE ANYTHING YOU DON'T REGRET? ANYTHING YOU WOULDN'T CHANGE?
I DON'T KNOW.
WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

THAT'S ENOUGH.
THOK
HFF!
I CAN'T STOMACH ANY MORE OF THIS.
I JUST HOPE THAT YOU REALIZE—
—THAT I'M DOING THIS BECAUSE I CARE.
THWOK
I'M DOING THIS BECAUSE I ADMIRE THE PERSON YOU WERE—
—AND HATE THE PERSON YOU ARE.

IS THIS IT? YOU WON'T EVEN *TRY* TO RESIST?
FIGHT *BACK*, DAMN YOU!
NEVER AGAIN.
NEVER AGAIN.
IF YOU FIGHT BACK, I'LL *STOP*.
I WON'T HAVE A CHOICE; EVEN AFTER ALL MY *UPGRADES*—EVEN AFTER ALL THE *NUKE*—I KNOW YOU CAN BEAT ME.
MEGATRON UNCHECKED CAN BEAT *ANYONE*.
NOT ANY MORE...
OPTIMUS FILLED ME WITH POISON, *FOOL'S EMERGSON*—IT MAKES ME LESS THAN I WAS.

HEH.
I DON'T SEE WHAT'S FUNNY.
FOOL'S ENERGON CAN MAKE YOU *THINK* DIFFERENTLY. IT CAN *CHANGE YOU.*
CHANGE YOU HOW?
PERHAPS ANY *DOUBTS* I HAVE ABOUT BECOMING AN AUTOBOT ARE BEING *SUPPRESSED.* PERHAPS I'M BEING DENIED THE LUXURY OF A *CHANGE OF HEART.*
SO YOU MIGHT STILL BE YOU! THE *REAL* YOU DEEP DOWN...!
PERHAPS.
BUT HERE'S THE THING... HERE'S WHAT'S *FUNNY*...
...THE THOUGHT OF ANYONE TAMPERING WITH MY MIND USED TO *TERRIFY* ME. BUT IF PRIME'S CHEMICALS HAVE *KEPT ME IN LINE*... THEN MAYBE THAT'S A GOOD THING.
I'M BETTER LIKE THIS.
NO.
YOU'RE BETTER DEAD.
AAAARRGH!
CHOOM
CHOOM

BUT YOU'RE NOT DEAD, ARE YOU?
IF YOU WERE DEAD, YOUR HOLO-STATUE WOULD HAVE TURNED ITSELF OFF.
NO MATTER. ONE MORE SHOT AND IT'S LIGHTS OUT.
STEP AWAY FROM THE FOSSIL, TARN. IF ANYONE'S GOING TO KILL MEGATRON...
...IT'S ME.

THE FORTRESS.

TEN!

WE FOUND YOUR *MESSAGE*—

—THE ONE ABOUT USING *SPARE-FLOWERS* TO POWER THE *STORM SHIELD!* WE FOUND IT! BRAINSTORM THINKS IT COULD WORK!

EASY, SWERVE. GIVE HIM SOME SPACE...

I'VE *NEVER* BEEN SO PLEASED TO SEE A DOCTOR. BUT WHY ARE YOU *HERE?*

WE TRACED A CALL. SOMEONE *RANG* ME AND *HUNG UP*...

SORRY. THE *D.J.D.* BLOCKED THE SIGNAL BEFORE I COULD SPEAK.

HOW'D YOU GET MY NUMBER?

I THOUGHT IT WAS *FIRST AID'S* NUMBER! HE TOLD ME TO CALL IF I EVER NEEDED HELP. HE GAVE ME THIS.

WHICH *I* GAVE *HIM*...

WAIT—*YOU'RE* RATCHET? THE *SOURPUSS?* THE *SLAVEDRIVER?* THE *HAND-THIEF* WHO TOOK A THOUSAND YEARS TO RETIRE? *YOU'RE* HIM?

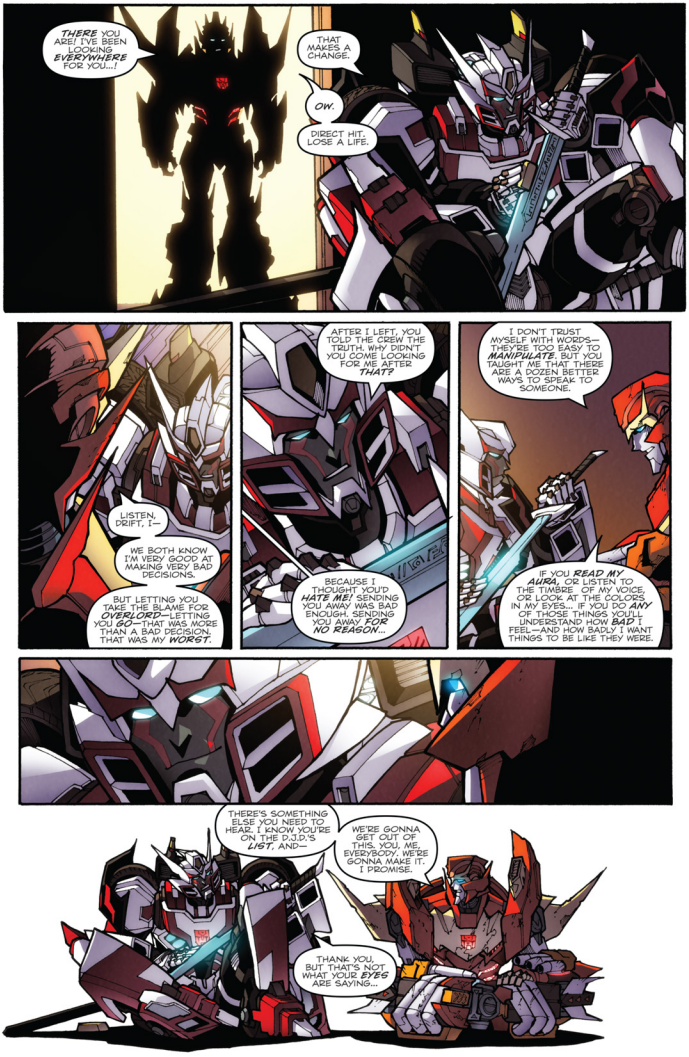
ER...

I HOPE *NOT*—OTHERWISE I'VE MADE A REALLY *BAD* FIRST IMPRESSION...!

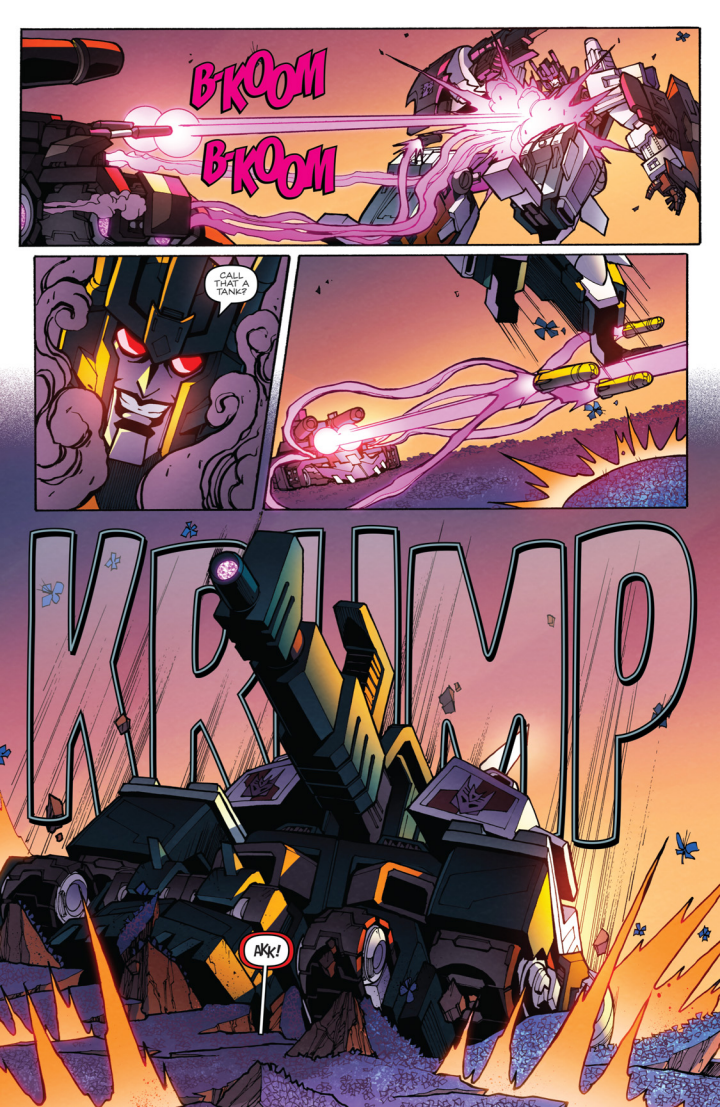
*SEE ISSUES #40 AND #43.

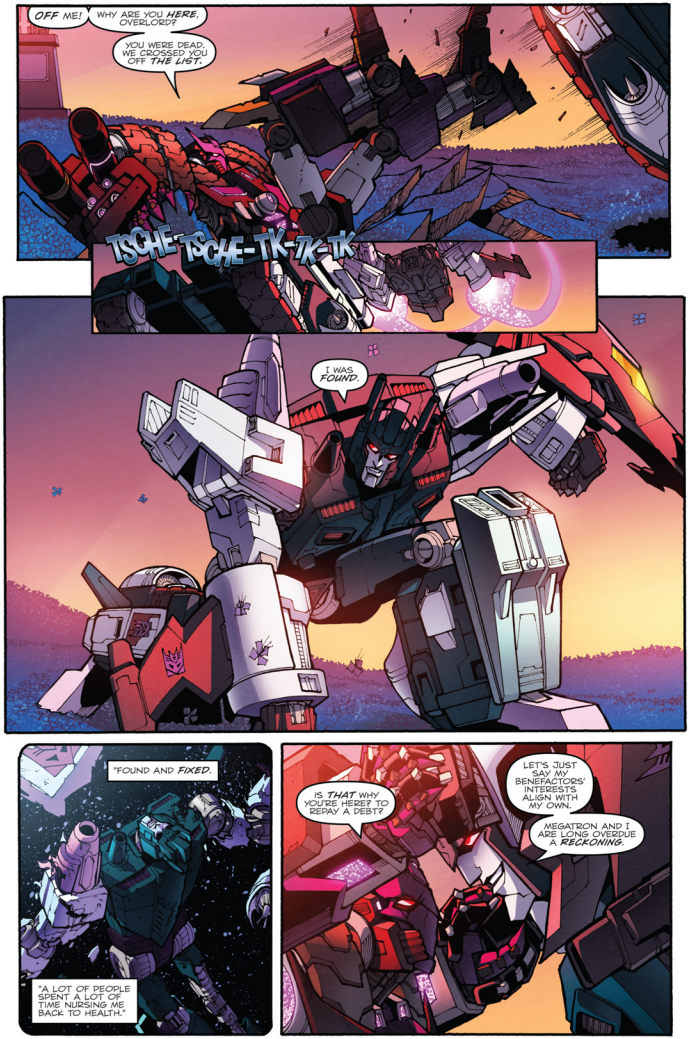
HER NAME'S *VELOCITY*. SHE'S A DOCTOR.

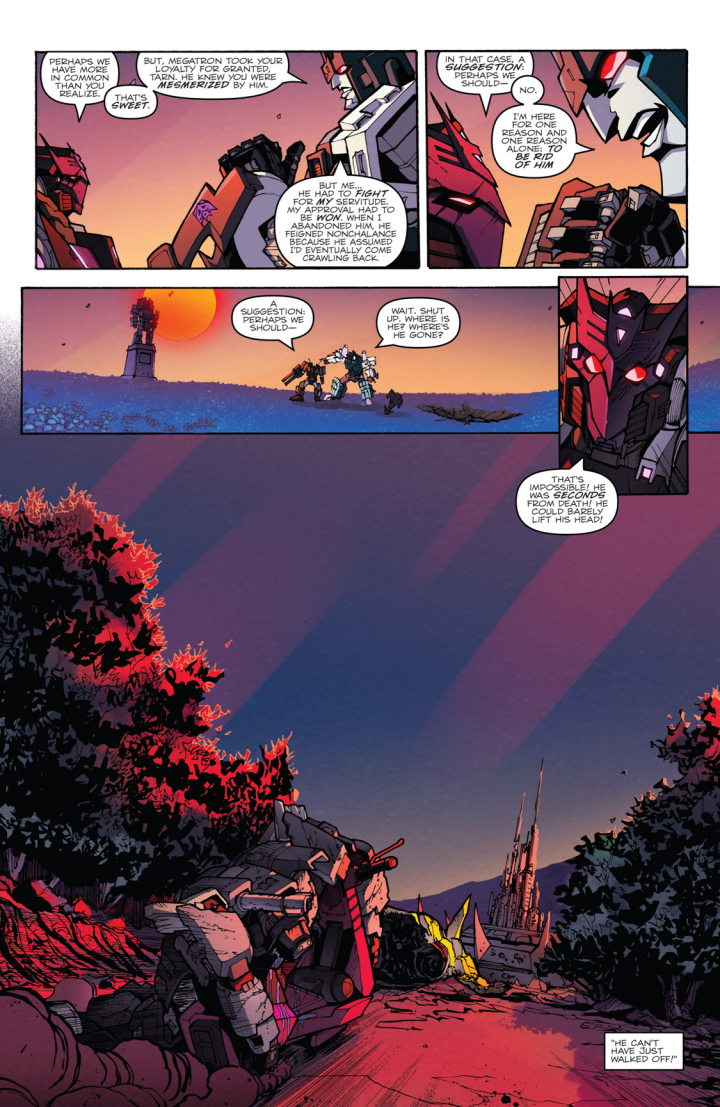
SO YOU DIDN'T MISS ME *THAT* MUCH, THEN.

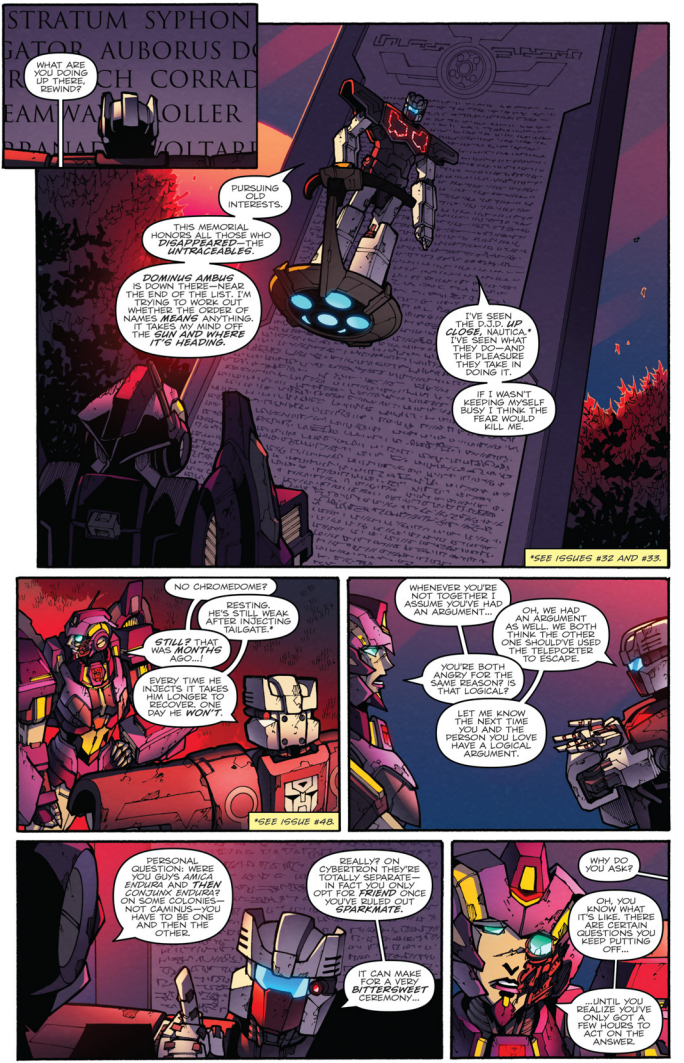

THERE YOU ARE! I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU...!
THAT MAKES A CHANGE.
OW.
DIRECT HIT. LOSE A LIFE.
LISTEN, DRIFT, I—
WE BOTH KNOW I'M VERY GOOD AT MAKING VERY BAD DECISIONS.
BUT LETTING YOU TAKE THE BLAME FOR OVERLORD—LETTING YOU GO—THAT WAS MORE THAN A BAD DECISION. THAT WAS MY WORST.
AFTER I LEFT, YOU TOLD THE CREW THE TRUTH. WHY DIDN'T YOU COME LOOKING FOR ME AFTER THAT?
BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU'D HATE ME! SENDING YOU AWAY WAS BAD ENOUGH. SENDING YOU AWAY FOR NO REASON...
I DON'T TRUST MYSELF WITH WORDS—THEY'RE TOO EASY TO MANIPULATE. BUT YOU TAUGHT ME THAT THERE ARE A DOZEN BETTER WAYS TO SPEAK TO SOMEONE.
IF YOU READ MY AURA, OR LISTEN TO THE TIMBRE OF MY VOICE OR LOOK AT THE COLORS IN MY EYES... IF YOU DO ANY OF THOSE THINGS YOU'LL UNDERSTAND HOW BAD I FEEL—AND HOW BADLY I WANT THINGS TO BE LIKE THEY WERE.
THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE YOU NEED TO HEAR. I KNOW YOU'RE ON THE D.J.D.'S LIST, AND—
WE'RE GONNA GET OUT OF THIS. YOU, ME, EVERYBODY. WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT. I PROMISE.
THANK YOU. BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT YOUR EYES ARE SAYING...

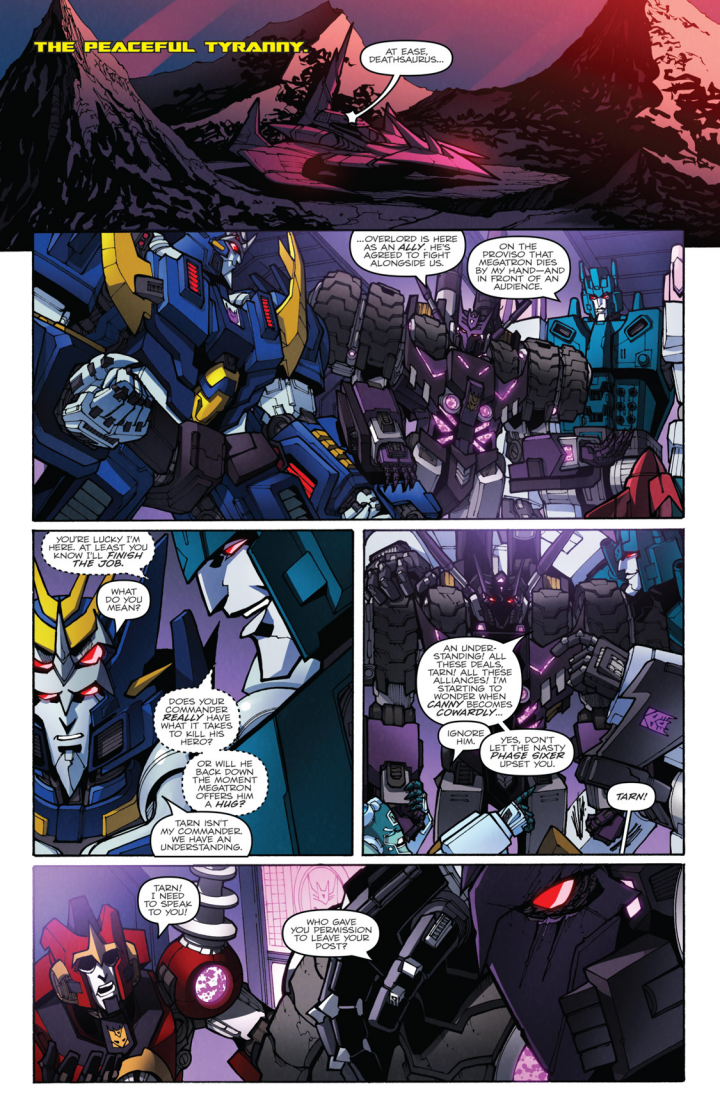
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'VE CHOSEN NOW TO COME BACK FROM THE DEAD, OVERLORD, BUT I SUGGEST YOU RUN ALONG.
MEGATRON AND I ARE TALKING.
IS THAT IT?
I WAS EXPECTING A HIGHER CALIBRE OF REPARTEE FROM SOMEONE WHO TRIES SO VERY HARD TO LOOK SOPHISTICATED.
BUT NO, YOU'RE JUST A THUG IN A MASK. MEGATRON'S BULLY BOY.
TSCHE-TSCHE- TK-TK-TK
AT LEAST HE HASN'T FORGOTTEN ME.

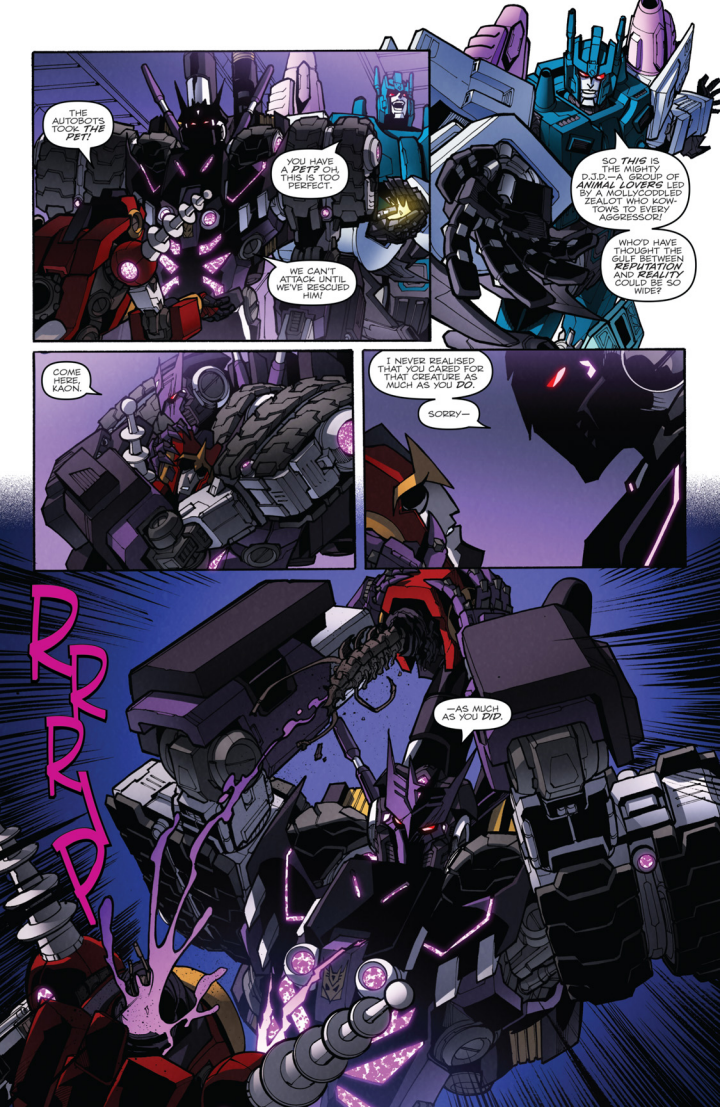

B-KOOM
B-KOOM
CALL THAT A TANK?
KRUMP
AKK!


OFF ME!
WHY ARE YOU HERE, OVERLORD?
YOU WERE DEAD. WE CROSSED YOU OFF THE LIST.
TSCHE-TSCHE-TK-TK-TK
I WAS FOUND.
"FOUND AND FIXED.
"A LOT OF PEOPLE SPENT A LOT OF TIME NURSING ME BACK TO HEALTH."
IS THAT WHY YOU'RE HERE? TO REPAY A DEBT?
LET'S JUST SAY MY BENEFACTORS' INTERESTS ALIGN WITH MY OWN.
MEGATRON AND I ARE LONG OVERDUE A RECKONING.


PERHAPS WE HAVE MORE IN COMMON THAN YOU REALIZE.
THAT'S SWEET.
BUT, MEGATRON TOOK YOUR LOYALTY FOR GRANTED, TARN. HE KNEW YOU WERE MESMERIZED BY HIM.
BUT ME— HE HAD TO FIGHT FOR MY SERVITUDE. MY APPROVAL HAD TO BE WON. WHEN I ABANDONED HIM, HE FEIGNED NONCHALANCE BECAUSE HE ASSUMED I'D EVENTUALLY COME CRAWLING BACK.
IN THAT CASE, A SUGGESTION: PERHAPS WE SHOULD—
NO.
I'M HERE FOR ONE REASON AND ONE REASON ALONE: TO BE RID OF HIM
A SUGGESTION: PERHAPS WE SHOULD—
WAIT, SHUT UP. WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S HE GONE?
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE WAS SECONDS FROM DEATH! HE COULD BARELY LIFT HIS HEAD!
"HE CAN'T HAVE JUST WALKED OFF!"


STRATUM SYPHON
AUBORUS
CORRAD
WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE, REWIND?
PURSUING OLD INTERESTS.
THIS MEMORIAL HONORS ALL THOSE WHO DISAPPEARED—THE UNTRACEABLES.
DOMINUS AMBUS IS DOWN THERE—NEAR THE END OF THE LIST. I'M TRYING TO WORK OUT WHETHER THE ORDER OF NAMES MEANS ANYTHING. IT TAKES MY MIND OFF THE SUN AND WHERE IT'S HEADING.
I'VE SEEN THE D.J.D. UP CLOSE, NAUTICA.* I'VE SEEN WHAT THEY DO—AND THE PLEASURE THEY TAKE IN DOING IT.
IF I WASN'T KEEPING MYSELF BUSY I THINK THE FEAR WOULD KILL ME.
*SEE ISSUES #32 AND #33.
NO CHROMEDOME?
RESTING. HE'S STILL WEAK AFTER INJECTING TAILGATE.*
STILL? THAT WAS MONTHS AGO...!
EVERY TIME HE INJECTS IT TAKES HIM LONGER TO RECOVER. ONE DAY HE WON'T.
*SEE ISSUE #48.
WHENEVER YOU'RE NOT TOGETHER I ASSUME YOU'VE HAD AN ARGUMENT.
OH, WE HAD AN ARGUMENT AS WELL. WE BOTH THINK THE OTHER ONE SHOULDVE USED THE TELEPORTER TO ESCAPE.
YOU'RE BOTH ANGRY FOR THE SAME REASON? IS THAT LOGICAL?
LET ME KNOW THE NEXT TIME YOU AND THE PERSON YOU LOVE HAVE A LOGICAL ARGUMENT.
PERSONAL QUESTION: WERE YOU GUYS AMICA ENDURA AND THEN CONJUNX ENDURA ON SOME COLONIES—NOT CAMINUS—YOU HAVE TO BE ONE AND THEN THE OTHER.
REALLY? ON CYBERTRON THEY'RE TOTALLY SEPARATE—IN FACT YOU ONLY OPT FOR FORMED ONCE YOU'VE RULED OUT SPARKMATE.
IT CAN MAKE FOR A VERY BITTERSWEET CEREMONY...
WHY DO YOU ASK?
OH, YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE. THERE ARE CERTAIN QUESTIONS YOU KEEP PUTTING OFF...
...UNTIL YOU REALIZE YOU'VE ONLY GOT A FEW HOURS TO ACT ON THE ANSWER.


THE PEACEFUL TYRANNY
AT EASE, DEATHSAURUS...
...OVERLORD IS HERE AS AN ALLY. HE'S AGREED TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE US.
ON THE PROVISO THAT MEGATRON DIES BY MY HAND—AND IN FRONT OF AN AUDIENCE.
YOU'RE LUCKY I'M HERE. AT LEAST YOU KNOW I'LL FINISH THE JOB.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
DOES YOUR COMMANDER REALLY HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO KILL HIS HERO?
OR WILL HE BACK DOWN THE MOMENT MEGATRON OFFERS HIM A HUG?
TARN ISN'T MY COMMANDER. WE HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING.
AN UNDERSTANDING! ALL THESE DEALS, TARN! ALL THESE ALLIANCES! I'M STARTING TO WONDER WHEN CANNY BECOMES COWARDLY...
IGNORE HIM.
YES, DON'T LET THE NASTY PHASE SIXER UPSET YOU.
TARN!
TARN! I NEED TO SPEAK TO YOU!
WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO LEAVE YOUR POST?


THE AUTOBOTS TOOK THE PET!
YOU HAVE A PET? OH, THIS IS TOO PERFECT.
WE CAN'T ATTACK UNTIL WE'VE RESCUED HIM!
SO THIS IS THE MIGHTY D.J.D.—A GROUP OF ANIMAL LOVERS LED BY A MOLLYCODDLED ZEALOT WHO KOW-TOWS TO EVERY AGGRESSOR!
WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT THE GULF BETWEEN REPUTATION AND REALITY COULD BE SO WIDE?
COME HERE, KACH.
I NEVER REALISED THAT YOU CARED FOR THAT CREATURE AS MUCH AS YOU DO.
SORRY—
—AS MUCH AS YOU DID.
RRRP

WHAT IS *COMPASSION* BUT AN EXCUSE TO ACT *SELFISHLY*?

MEGATRON WAS *UNDONE* WHEN HE BEGAN TO *FEEL* INSTEAD OF *FIGHT*. THAT WON'T HAPPEN TO ME—AND I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO ANYONE UNDER MY COMMAND.

WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE*...?

AND YOU. DON'T *EVER* THINK *YOU* CAN COME INTO MY HOUSE AND *PASS JUDGEMENT*.

SPLUTCH

I WILL NOT BE *RIDICULED* BY SOMEONE WHO SPENT HALF HIS LIFE *RUNNING* AND THE OTHER HALF *SULKING* BECAUSE NO ONE GAVE CHASE.

NO MORE WAITING. NO MORE DIGRESSIONS.

THE PLAYERS ARE IN POSITION AND THE SUN IS NEARLY SET.

"AND VICTORY...

"...IS FINALLY WITHIN OUR GRASP."

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #52 COVER SUB

by **HAYATO SAKAMOTO** Colors by **MGR, coordination by PhaseG**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #53 COVER A

by **ALEX MILNE** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

NECROWORLD.
SEVEN HOURS UNTIL SUNSET.

UM, RATCHET...?

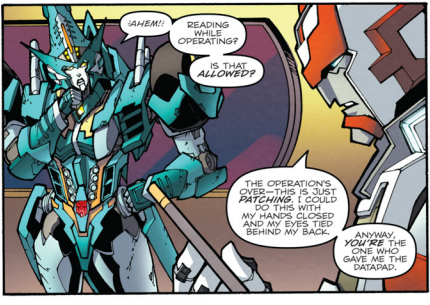
THE FLOWERS ARE GOING OUT.

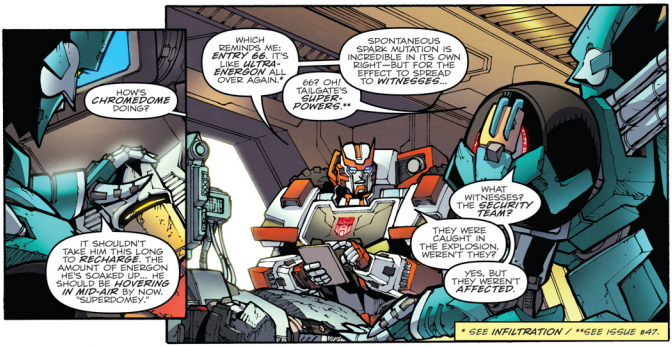
WHAT DO YOU THINK *THAT* MEANS?

IT MEANS THE STORMSHIELD'S WORKING. IT MEANS THE D.J.D. WILL HAVE TO MAKE SLIGHTLY MORE OF AN EFFORT TO *KILL US*.

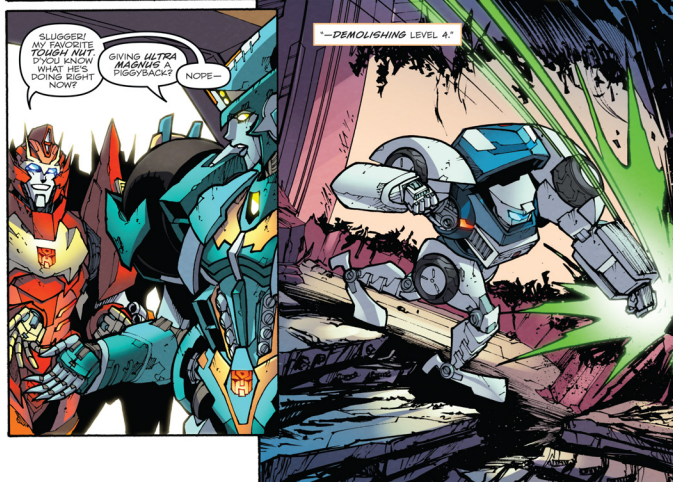
THE DYING OF THE LIGHT

PART 4: AT CLOSE OF DAY




HOW'S CHROMEDOME DOING?
IT SHOULDN'T TAKE HIM THIS LONG TO RECHARGE. THE AMOUNT OF ENERGON HE'S SOAKED UP SHOULD BE HOVERING IN MID-AIR BY NOW. "SUPERDOMEY."
WHICH REMINDS ME: ENTRY 66. IT'S LIKE ULTRA-ENERGON ALL OVER AGAIN.*
66? OH! TAILGATE'S SUPER-POWERS.**
SPONTANEOUS SPARK MUTATION IS INCREDIBLE IN ITS OWN RIGHT—BUT FOR THE EFFECT TO SPREAD TO WITNESSES...
WHAT WITNESSES? THE SECURITY TEAM?
THEY WERE CAUGHT IN THE EXPLOSION, WEREN'T THEY?
YES, BUT THEY WEREN'T AFFECTED.
* SEE INFILTRATION / **SEE ISSUE #47.

ENTRIES 70 AND 73—POWERLASH AND STRAFE BOTH CAME TO SEE YOU. BOTH COMPLAINED OF SUDDEN BURNOUT. YOU DESCRIBE THEM AS STRUGGLING TO WALK.
YES, BUT I DIDN'T—
I PUT IT DOWN TO BAD ENGEX. IT HAPPENS.
IT DOES. BUT IT ALSO HAPPENS WHEN YOUR SYSTEMS CRASH AFTER RECEIVING AN ARTIFICIAL BOOST.
DO YOU THINK TAILGATE'S AT RISK?

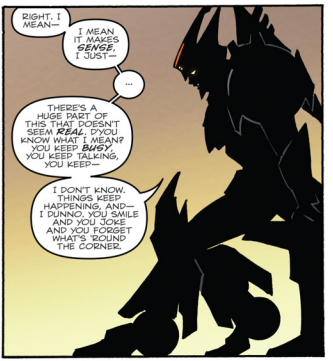

SLUGGER! MY FAVORITE TOUGH NUT. D'YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING RIGHT NOW?
GIVING ULTRA MAGNUS A PIGGYBACK?
NOPE—
"—DEMOLISHING LEVEL 4."

FOR FUN?
FOR BRAINSTORM.
SHIP'S GENIUS SAYS HE CAN'T MAKE WEAPONS OUT OF THIN AIR—WELL, HE SAYS HE CAN, BUT NOT IN THE SIX AND A HALF HOURS BETWEEN NOW AND SUNSET.
TAILGATE'S PROVIDING THE RAW MATERIAL.

IT'S ALL HAPPENING, FOLKS. OPERATION: FORTIFICATION.
WHIRL AND CYCLONUS ARE SORTING THE PERIMETER. NAUTICA'S CHECKING ON THE ORGANICS. REWIND'S DOING A SOUND CHECK, AND SWERVE...

"ACTUALLY, SWERVE'S TAKING SOME TIME OUT.
"I THINK THE REALITY OF THE SITUATION HAS FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM."

WAIT—REWIND'S DOING A SOUND CHECK?
I THOUGHT PEOPLE MIGHT WANT TO LEAVE A MESSAGE. YOU KNOW—LAST WORDS, INSTRUCTIONS FOR BURIAL... SAYING GOODBYE CAN BE A CATHARTIC EXPERIENCE.


RIGHT. I MEAN—
I MEAN IT MAKES SENSE. I JUST—
...
THERE'S A HUGE PART OF THIS THAT DOESN'T SEEM REAL. DYOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN? YOU KEEP BUSY, YOU KEEP TALKING, YOU KEEP—
I DON'T KNOW. THINGS KEEP HAPPENING, AND—I DUNNO. YOU SMILE AND YOU JOKE AND YOU FORGET WHAT'S 'ROUND THE CORNER.

ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS WHAT'S AROUND THE CORNER, WHICH IS WHY I NEED TO SPEAK TO THE SPARKEATER.
HE'S NOT ACTUALLY A SPARKEATER. THE D.I.D. WANT EVERYONE TO THINK HE IS SO—
YEP, DON'T REALLY CARE. JUST WAKE HIM UP SO WE CAN HAVE A LITTLE CHAT.
HE CAN'T TALK. HE'S GOT A VOCAL SYNTHESIZER—HE CAN GROWL—BUT HE CAN'T FORM WORDS.
GREAT. I WANTED HIM TO TELL ME WHERE THE D.I.D. HAVE STASHED THEIR SHIP.
MAYBE HE STILL CAN...

I GET THAT WE'RE IN TROUBLE. I GET THAT.

WE'RE BURIED UNDER AN *AVALANCHE* OF TROUBLE. WE'RE MARINATING IN A *RICH GRAVY* OF TROUBLE.

YOU'RE DOING THAT THING AGAIN.

THE POINT IS I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THIS *STUPID HOLLOW PLANET.*

PLEASE, MINIMUS—I KNOW THE D.J.D. ARE THE PRIORITY, BUT I HAVE AN *ACUTE PHYSICAL NEED* TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON.

I RESPECT YOU, NIGHTBEAT. YOU KNOW I DO.

ACTUALLY YOU KEPT THAT VERY HIDDEN.

AND AS A MARK OF MY RESPECT I'M GOING TO BE ENTIRELY *STRAIGHT* WITH YOU. WE'LL ALL BE DEAD BY SUNRISE. THAT BEING THE CASE, I DON'T SEE WHY THIS LATEST MYSTERY IS SO IMPORTANT.

BECAUSE *SOLVING* IT COULD *SAVE* US.

LET ME *DIG.* LET ME FIND THE *INNER SURFACE.* I MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIND A WAY FOR US TO *ESCAPE*—AND IF NOT THAT, THEN A PLACE TO HIDE. FOR US *AND* THE ORGANICS.

BUT LISTEN: WHATEVER HAPPENS—

"—I'LL SEE YOU BEFORE SUNSET."

AND MINIMUS IS OKAY WITH THIS...

YES, PROVIDED I DON'T GO ALONE.

I SAID I'D TAKE SOMEONE HE COULD DO WITHOUT.

I'M JOKING.

NO.

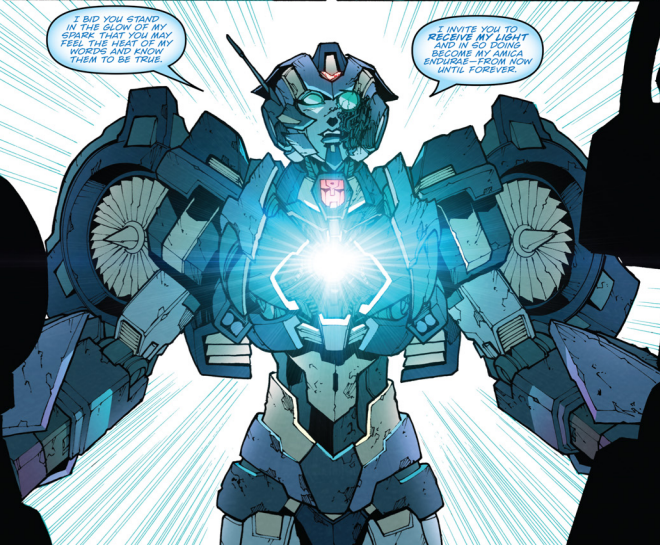
YOU'RE NOT THOUGH, ARE YOU?

PSST! YOU TWO! IN HERE!

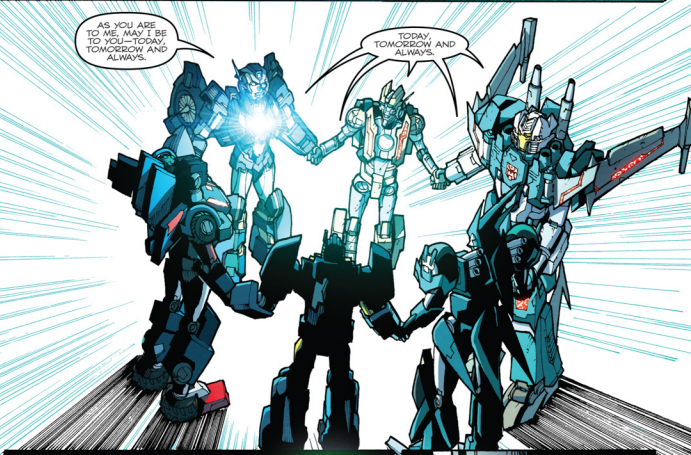
YOU'RE PROBABLY ALL WONDERING WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.

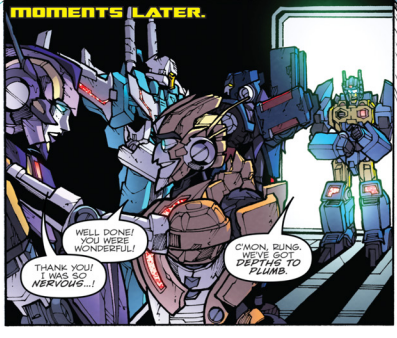
LET'S SEE...
THIS IS CLEARLY A PRIVATE MEETING... YOU'RE AVOIDING EYE CONTACT... YOU'VE DIMMED THE LIGHTS... AND YOU'RE NOTICEABLY LESS *TACTILE* THAN NORMAL.
...
SORRY, I'M STUMPED. *HOLLOW PLANET* IS MONOPOLIZING MY BRAIN.

SKIDS. LOTTY. BLING. BRAINSTORM. NIGHTBEAT.
FORGIVE THE *FORMALITY*, BUT—

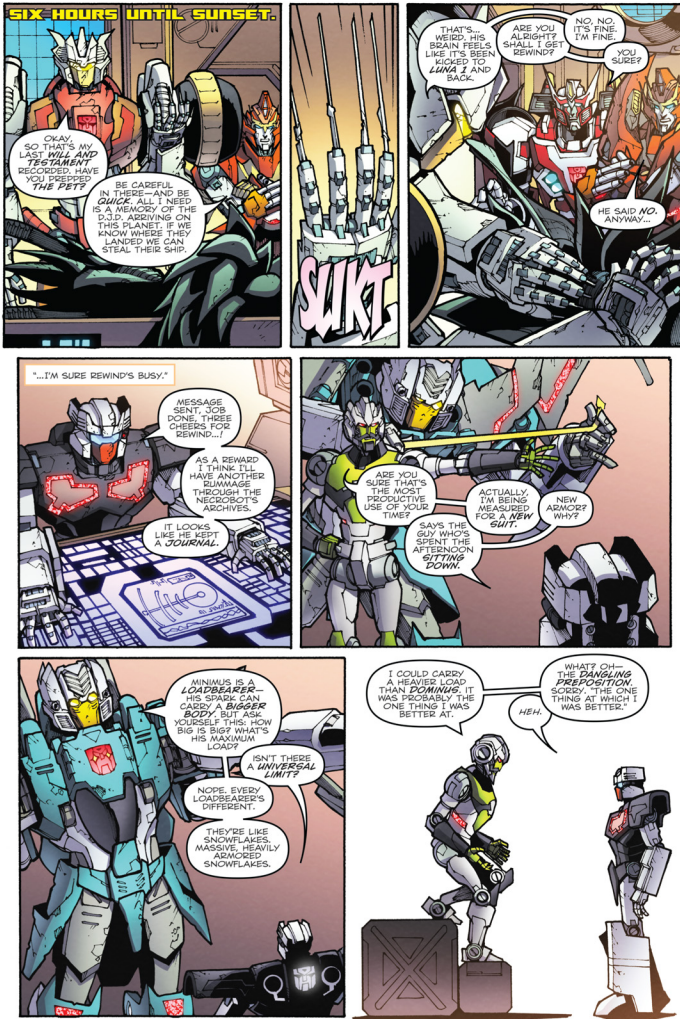

I BID YOU STAND IN THE GLOW OF MY SPARK THAT YOU MAY FEEL THE HEAT OF MY WORDS AND KNOW THEM TO BE TRUE.
I INVITE YOU TO *RECEIVE MY LIGHT* AND IN SO DOING BECOME MY AMICA. ENDURE—FROM NOW UNTIL FOREVER.

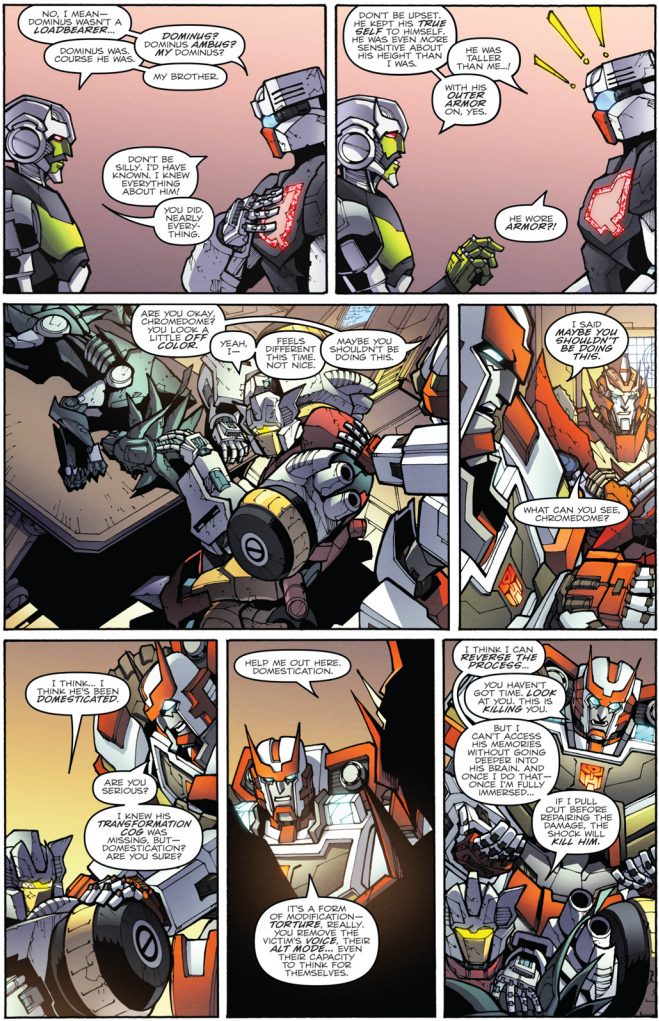
RUNG, FOR YOUR WORDS.
BRAINSTORM, FOR YOUR INTELLECT.
LOTTY, FOR YOUR DETERMINATION.
NIGHTBEAT, FOR YOUR CURIOSITY.
AND SKIDS FOR YOUR KINDNESS.
YOUR KINDNESS, AND YOUR DANCING.

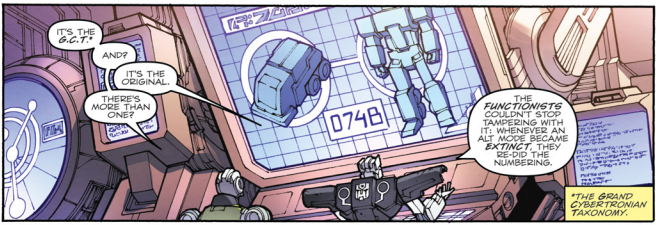

AS YOU ARE TO ME, MAY I BE TO YOU—TODAY, TOMORROW AND ALWAYS.
TODAY, TOMORROW AND ALWAYS.

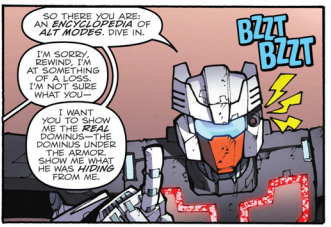

MOMENTS LATER.
WELL DONE! YOU WERE WONDERFUL!
THANK YOU! I WAS SO NERVOUS...!
C'MON, RUNG. WE'VE GOT DEPTHS TO PLUMB.

SKIDS? I'M JUST OFF.
HM?
I'M JUST—
WITH NIGHTBEAT. I'LL SEE YOU LATER.
YEAH.
YEAH. LATER, EYEBROWS.

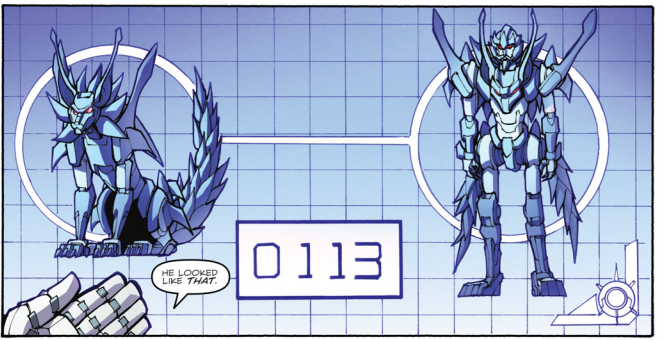

SIX HOURS UNTIL SUNSET.
OKAY, SO THAT'S MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT RECORDED. HAVE YOU PREPPED THE PETS?
BE CAREFUL IN THERE—AND BE QUICK. ALL I NEED IS A MEMORY OF THE P.I.P. ARRIVING ON THIS PLANET. IF WE KNOW WHERE THEY LANDED WE CAN STEAL THEIR SHIP.
SLIKT
THAT'S... WEIRD. HIS BRAIN FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN KICKED TO LUNA 1 AND BACK.
ARE YOU ALRIGHT? SHALL I GET REWIND?
NO, NO. IT'S FINE. I'M FINE.
YOU SURE?
HE SAID NO. ANYWAY...
"...I'M SURE REWIND'S BUSY."
MESSAGE SENT, JOB DONE, THREE CHEERS FOR REWIND...!
AS A REWARD I THINK I'LL HAVE ANOTHER RUMMAGE THROUGH THE NECROBOT'S ARCHIVES.
IT LOOKS LIKE HE KEPT A JOURNAL.
ARE YOU SURE THAT'S THE MOST PRODUCTIVE USE OF YOUR TIME?
SAYS THE GUY WHO'S SPENT THE AFTERNOON SITTING DOWN.
ACTUALLY, I'M BEING MEASURED FOR A NEW SUIT.
NEW ARMOR? WHY?
MINIMUS IS A LOADBEARER—HIS SPARK CAN CARRY A BIGGER BODY. BUT ASK YOURSELF THIS: HOW BIG IS BIG? WHAT'S HIS MAXIMUM LOAD?
ISN'T THERE A UNIVERSAL LIMIT?
NOPE. EVERY LOADBEARER'S DIFFERENT.
THEY'RE LIKE SNOWFLAKES. MASSIVE, HEAVILY ARMORED SNOWFLAKES.
I COULD CARRY A HEAVIER LOAD THAN DOMINUS. IT WAS PROBABLY THE ONE THING I WAS BETTER AT.
WHAT? OH—THE DANGLING PREPOSITION. SORRY. "THE ONE THING AT WHICH I WAS BETTER."
HEH.


NO, I MEAN— DOMINUS WASN'T A LOADBEARER...
DOMINUS WAS, COURSE HE WAS.
DOMINUS? DOMINUS AMBUSH MY DOMINUS?
MY BROTHER.
DON'T BE SILLY. I'D HAVE KNOWN. I KNEW EVERYTHING ABOUT HIM!
YOU DID. NEARLY EVERYTHING.
DON'T BE UPSET. HE KEPT HIS TRUE SELF TO HIMSELF. HE WAS EVEN MORE SENSITIVE ABOUT HIS HEIGHT THAN I WAS.
HE WAS TALLER THAN ME...!
WITH HIS OUTER ARMOR ON, YES.
HE WORE ARMOR?!
ARE YOU OKAY, CHROMEDOME? YOU LOOK A LITTLE OFF COLOR.
YEAH, I—
FEELS DIFFERENT THIS TIME. NOT NICE.
MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T BE DOING THIS.
I SAID MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T BE DOING THIS.
WHAT CAN YOU SEE, CHROMEDOME?
I THINK... I THINK HE'S BEEN DOMESTICATED.
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
I KNEW HIS TRANSFORMATION GOG WAS MISSING, BUT— DOMESTICATION? ARE YOU SURE?
HELP ME OUT HERE. DOMESTICATION.
IT'S A FORM OF MODIFICATION— TORTURE, REALLY. YOU REMOVE THE VICTIM'S VOICE, THEIR ALT MODE... EVEN THEIR CAPACITY TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES.
I THINK I CAN REVERSE THE PROCESS...
YOU HAVEN'T GOT TIME. LOOK AT YOU. THIS IS KILLING YOU.
BUT I CAN'T ACCESS HIS MEMORIES WITHOUT GOING DEEPER INTO HIS BRAIN. AND ONCE I DO THAT— ONCE I'M FULLY IMMERSED...
IF I PULL OUT BEFORE REPAIRING THE DAMAGE, THE SHOCK WILL KILL HIM.


IT'S THE G.C.T.*
AND?
IT'S THE ORIGINAL.
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE?
0748
THE FUNCTIONISTS COULDN'T STOP TAMPERING WITH IT. WHENEVER AN ALT MODE BECAME EXTINCT, THEY RE-DID THE NUMBERING.
*THE GRAND CYBERTRONIAN TAXONOMY.


SO THERE YOU ARE: AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ALT MODES. DIVE IN.
I'M SORRY, REWIND, I'M AT SOMETHING OF A LOSS. I'M NOT SURE WHAT YOU—
I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME THE REAL DOMINUS—THE DOMINUS UNDER THE ARMOR. SHOW ME WHAT HE WAS HIDING FROM ME.
BZZT BZZT

CHROMEDOME, I—
IT'S DRIFT. YOU NEED TO GET TO THE MEDIBAY NOW.
CHROMEDOME'S INJECTING—BUT SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG.
THERE YOU GO—THAT'S HIM.


HE LOOKED LIKE THAT.
0113

THE MEDIBAY.
I'M IN! I'M THROUGH!
REWIND'S ON HIS WAY.
I CAN SEE EVERYTHING! ALL HIS MEMORIES! I CAN—
OH GOD.
OH GOD. OH GOD. OH GOD.

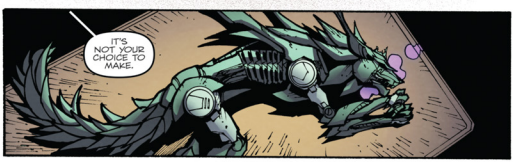
IT'S HIM.

IT'S HIM!
NOW REWIND. I KNOW YOU'RE NOT HAPPY ABOUT CHROMEDOME *ACTECTING* AGAIN. BUT—
THWACK!
YOU'RE AN *ENABLER*.
IT'S *DOMINUS!* I FOUND HIM FOR YOU!

HE WAS AGENT 113! THE ORIGINAL AGENT 113! HE INFILTRATED THE D.J.D. BUT THEY FOUND OUT—AND THEY DOMESTICATED HIM AS PUNISHMENT!
NO...
DON'T WORRY— I CAN CHANGE HIM BACK! I CAN MAKE HIM THE WAY HE WAS!
YOU'VE BEEN IN THERE TOO LONG, CHROMEDOME. YOU'RE DYING. YOUR SPARK'S STARTING TO GO OUT AND I CAN'T—
THIRTY SECONDS. I'M NEARLY THERE.
MENTAL RE-WIRING TAKES TIME...
PULL OUT.
TWENTY SECONDS—
PULL OUT, YOU STUBBORN PIECE OF—
IF I PULL OUT, NOW HE'LL DIE! HIS MIND WILL COLLAPSE AND HE WILL DIE!
BUT IF YOU STAY IN THERE YOU'LL DIE...
IT DOESN'T MATTER! THERE'S NEVER BEEN ROOM FOR BOTH OF US IN YOUR LIFE ANYWAY!
BUT I CAN'T—
YES, YOU CAN!
YOU CAN HAVE HIM INSTEAD OF ME!

SLIKT.

IT'S NOT YOUR CHOICE TO MAKE, DOMEY.


IT'S NOT YOUR CHOICE TO MAKE.

30 MINUTES UNTIL SUNSET.

"WELL, *LOOK AT THAT...*"

...THEY'VE TURNED UP *EARLY!*

THEY'LL JUST HAVE TO BE PATIENT.

I *REALLY* WANT TO SHOOT THEM.

YOU'LL HAVE TO BE PATIENT, TOO.

I WHISTLE WHEN I'M BORED.

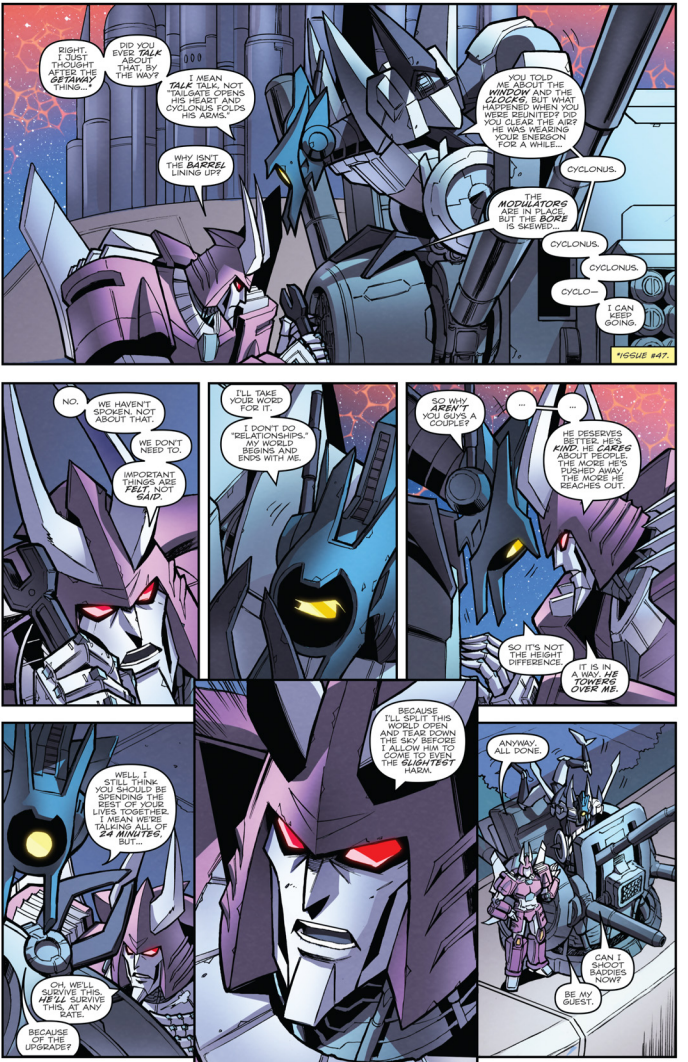
SADDEST NOTE OF ALL.

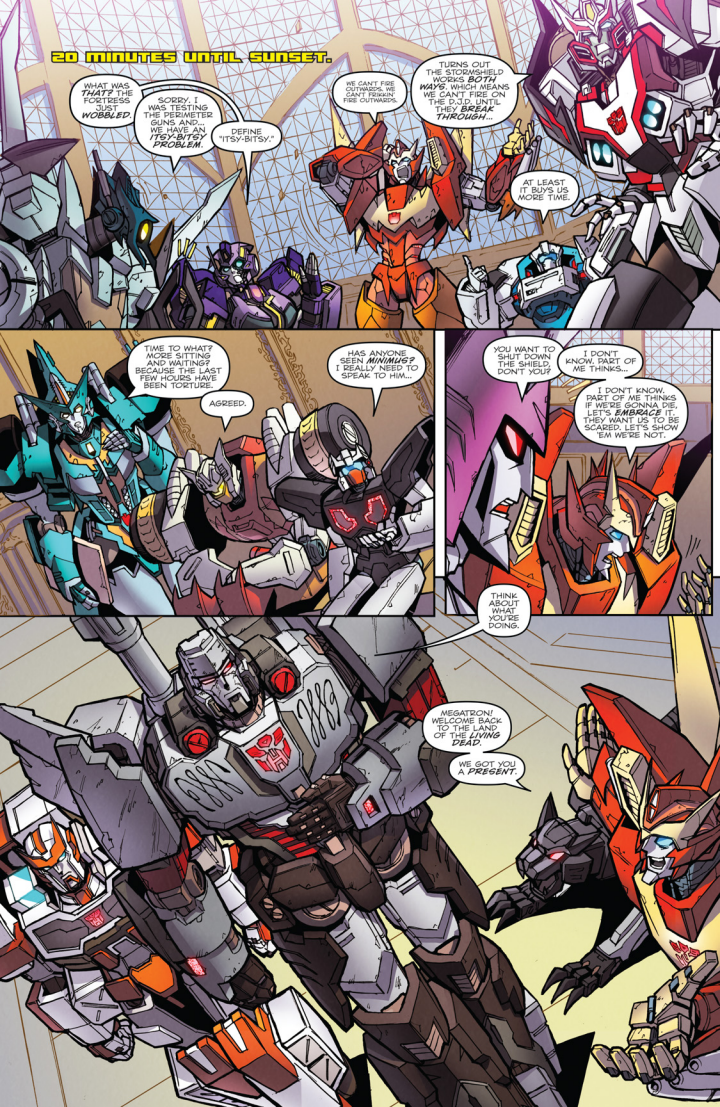
HEY—ARE YOU AND TAILGATE *TOGETHER* NOW? LIKE, *OFFICIALLY?*

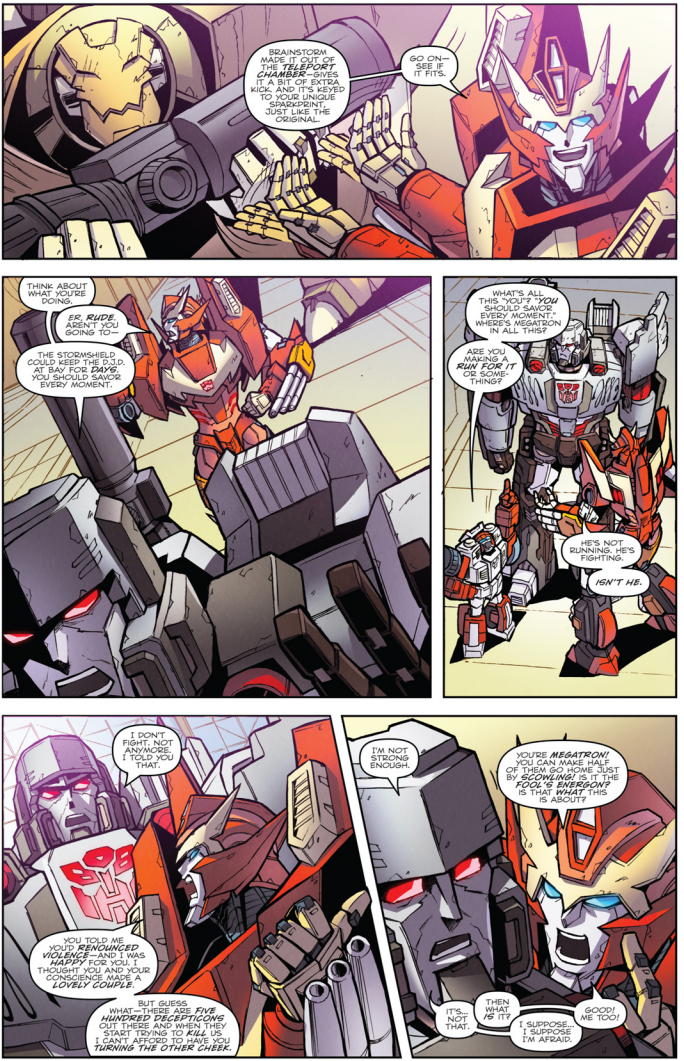
ARE YOU? BECAUSE I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU'D BECOME *CONJUNX ENDURA ON THE GLY.*

WAIT, WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT? TAILGATE WOULD KEEP IT SECRET FOR ALL OF 0.3 SECONDS.

TAILGATE AND I ARE NOT *CONJUNX ENDURA.*


RIGHT. I JUST THOUGHT AFTER THE GETAWAY THING...
DID YOU EVER TALK ABOUT THAT, BY THE WAY?
I MEAN TALK TALK, NOT "TAILGATE OPENS HIS HEART AND CYCLONUS FOLDS HIS ARMS."
WHY ISN'T THE BARREL LINING UP?
YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THE WINDOW AND THE CLOCKS, BUT WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU WERE REJOINTED? DID YOU CLEAR THE AIR? HE WAS WEARING YOUR ENERGON FOR A WHILE...
CYCLONUS.
THE MODULATORS ARE IN PLACE, BUT THE BORE IS SKEWED...
CYCLONUS.
CYCLONUS.
CYCLO—
I CAN KEEP GOING.
*ISSUE #47.
NO.
WE HAVEN'T SPOKEN. NOT ABOUT THAT.
WE DON'T NEED TO.
IMPORTANT THINGS ARE FELT, NOT SAID.
I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT.
I DON'T DO "RELATIONSHIPS." MY WORLD BEGINS AND ENDS WITH ME.
SO WHY AREN'T YOU GUYS A COUPLE?
...
...
...
HE DESERVES BETTER. HE'S KIND. HE CARES ABOUT PEOPLE THE MORE HE'S PUSHED AWAY. THE MORE HE REACHES OUT.
SO IT'S NOT THE HEIGHT DIFFERENCE.
IT IS IN A WAY. HE TOWERS OVER ME.
WELL, I STILL THINK YOU SHOULD BE SPENDING THE REST OF YOUR LIVES TOGETHER. I MEAN WE'RE TALKING ALL OF 24 MINUTES. BUT...
OH, WE'LL SURVIVE THIS. HE'LL SURVIVE THIS, AT ANY RATE.
BECAUSE OF THE UPGRADE?
BECAUSE I'LL SPLIT THIS WORLD OPEN AND TEAR DOWN THE SKY BEFORE I ALLOW HIM TO COME TO EVEN THE SLIGHTEST HARM.
ANYWAY. ALL DONE.
CAN I SHOOT BADDIES NOW?
BE MY GUEST.


20 MINUTES UNTIL SUNSET.
WHAT WAS THAT? THE FORTRESS JUST WOBBLED.
SORRY. I WAS TESTING THE PERIMETER GUNS AND... WE HAVE AN ITSY-BITSY PROBLEM.
DEFINE "ITSY-BITSY."
WE CAN'T FIRE OUTWARDS. WE CAN'T FRIGGIN' FIRE OUTWARDS.
TURNS OUT THE STORMSHIELD WORKS BOTH WAYS, WHICH MEANS WE CAN'T FIRE ON THE D.J.D. UNTIL THEY BREAK THROUGH...
AT LEAST IT BUYS US MORE TIME.
TIME TO WHAT? MORE SITTING AND WAITING? BECAUSE THE LAST FEW HOURS HAVE BEEN TORTURE.
AGREED.
HAS ANYONE SEEN MINIMUS? I REALLY NEED TO SPEAK TO HIM...
YOU WANT TO SHUT DOWN THE SHIELD, DON'T YOU?
I DON'T KNOW. PART OF ME THINKS...
I DON'T KNOW. PART OF ME THINKS. IF WE'RE GONNA DIE, LET'S EMBRACE IT. THEY WANT US TO BE SCARED. LET'S SHOW 'EM WE'RE NOT.
THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING.
MEGATRON! WELCOME BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD.
WE GOT YOU A PRESENT.


BRAINSTORM MADE IT OUT OF THE *TELEPORT CHAMBER*—GIVES IT A BIT OF EXTRA KICK, AND IT'S KEYED TO YOUR UNIQUE SPARKPRINT, JUST LIKE THE ORIGINAL.
GO ON—SEE IF IT FITS.
THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING.
ER, *RUDE*, AREN'T YOU GOING TO—
THE STORMSHIELD COULD KEEP THE D.I.D. AT BAY FOR *DAYS*. YOU SHOULD SAVOR EVERY MOMENT.
WHAT'S ALL THIS "YOU"? *YOU* SHOULD SAVOR EVERY MOMENT. WHERE'S MEGATRON IN ALL THIS?
ARE YOU MAKING A *RUN FOR IT* OR SOMETHING?
HE'S NOT RUNNING. HE'S FIGHTING.
ISN'T HE.
I DON'T FIGHT, NOT ANYMORE. I TOLD YOU THAT.
YOU TOLD ME YOU'D *RENOUNCED VIOLENCE*—AND I WAS *HAPPY* FOR YOU. I THOUGHT YOU AND YOUR CONSCIENCE MADE A *LOVELY COUPLE*.
BUT GUESS WHAT—THERE ARE *FIVE HUNDRED DECEPTICONS* OUT THERE AND WHEN THEY START TRYING TO *KILL* US, I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE YOU *TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK*.
I'M NOT STRONG ENOUGH.
YOU'RE *MEGATRON!* YOU CAN MAKE HALF OF THEM GO HOME JUST BY *SCOWLING!* IS IT THE *FOUL'S ENERGON?* IS THAT *WHAT* THIS IS ABOUT?
IT'S NOT THAT.
THEN WHAT *IS* IT?
I SUPPOSE. I SUPPOSE I'M AFRAID.
GOOD! ME TOO!

YOU THINK ANYONE HERE ISN'T SCARED?
YOU THINK CYCLONUS ISN'T SCARED?
OR SKIDS? OR NAUTICA?
I CAN HELP IN OTHER WAYS.
I SAID TO STAY BEHIND TO PROTECT THE ORGANICS, AND I WILL. I'LL COORDINATE YOUR ATTACK.
THAT'S YOUR CONTRIBUTION? "I'LL STAY INSIDE AND HELP YOU DIE MORE EFFICIENTLY"?
WE NEED YOU BY OUR SIDE, MEGATRON.
YOU'RE A GOOD CAPTAIN, ROMULUS. THE BETTER CAPTAIN...
...BUT I CAN'T GO OUT THERE.
MEGATRON!
I'M ASHAMED OF YOU.
WELL, THERE WE GO THEN. THE FIGHT OF OUR LIVES, AND CYBERTRON'S GREATEST WARRIOR HAS GONE TO HIDE UNDER A TABLE. THINGS LITERALLY CAN'T GET ANY WORSE.
WHERE IS MINIMUS? HE HAD A POEM HE WANTED TO READ OUT—SOMETHING ABOUT POPPIES...
I STAND CORRECTED.
SORRY, FOLKS—POETRY NIGHT'S CANCELLED.
SOMETHING CAME UP...

...SOMETHING **BIG.**

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE—

MAXIMUS AMBUS!

THAT... IS THE MOTHER OF ALL UPGRADES.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT, "MAXIMUS"?

GROUP HUG.
THANKS FOR TRAVELLING WITH ME.
READY?

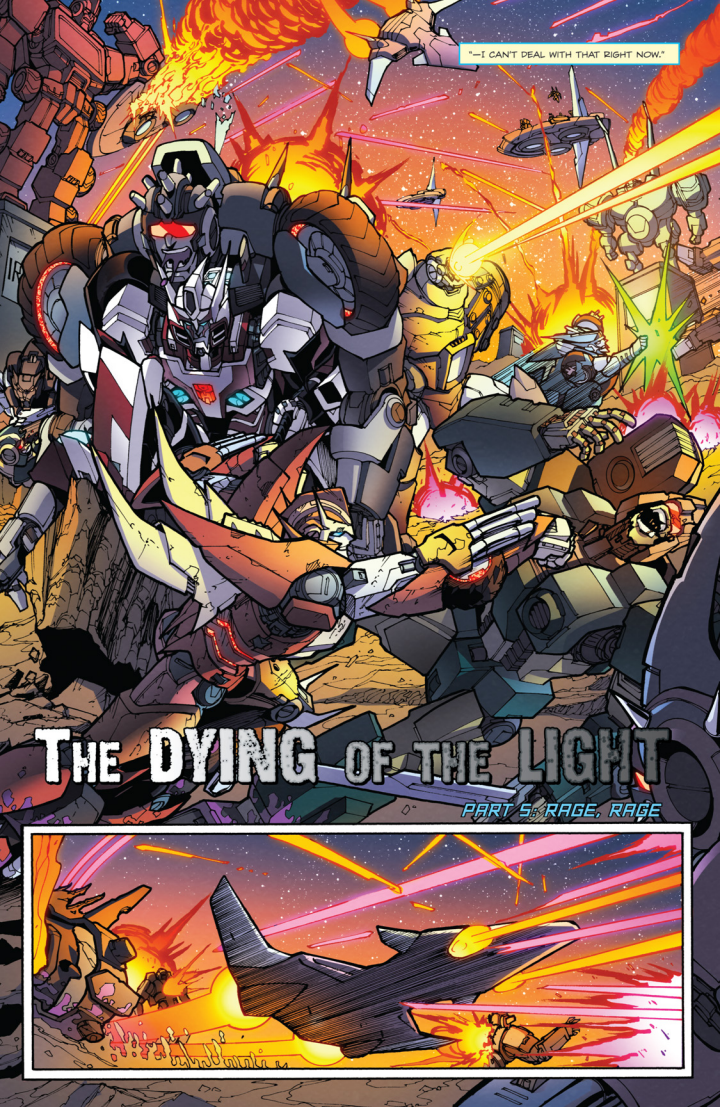
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #53 COVER SUB

by **HAYATO SAKAMOTO** Colors by **JOSH BURCHAM, coordination by Phase6**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #54 COVER A

by **ALEX MILNE** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

NECROWORLD.
I GOTTA SAY, ULTRA MAGNUS—MEAN ULTRA MAXIMUS—
WHATEVER THE HELL YOUR NAME IS, I GOTTA SAY—
—YOU REALLY DO HAVE LOVELY SHOULDERS! VERY ROOMY.
STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE—JUST KEEP THE PLACE SPIC AND SPAN.
YEAH, ABOUT THAT. WHEN LEOZACK WENT FOR US EARLIER—Y'KNOW, OUT OF NOWHERE—I MAYVE... I MAY'VE LEAKED A LITTLE. JUST A LITTLE...!
GUYS! SWERVE! CAN YOU STOP HOGGING THE INTERCOM?
I NEED TO TALK TO MAGNUS ABOUT HIS BROTHER.
I'M SORRY, REWIND—


"—I CAN'T DEAL WITH THAT RIGHT NOW."
THE DYING OF THE LIGHT
PART 5: RAGE, RAGE

HNN.

UH.

THE MNEMOSURGEON!

I WAS *HOPING* WE'D MEET AGAIN—I WANTED TO TELL YOU SOMETHING.

I'M AFRAID YOUR *SKINNY LITTLE FRIEND* DIED BEFORE THE MISSILES HIT.*

I MANAGED TO PULL OFF *THREE* OF HIS LIMBS BEFORE THE PAIN *REALLY* DROVE HIM OVER THE EDGE.

THE *NOISES* HE MADE... AND HE KEPT CALLING YOUR NAME! *"DOMEY! DOMEY! SAVE ME!"*

I HAD TO PUT HIS *HEAD* IN MY MOUTH TO *SHUT HIM UP.* JUST POPPED IT IN AND—

CHOMP!

—BIT DOWN TIL HE STOPPED *TWITCHING.*

*ISSUE #15: REWIND (MK I) WAS TRAPPED WITH OVERLORD WHEN THEIR SHUTTLE EXPLODED.

AAAAARRRGH!

KRACK

HFF!

UGH!

GOOD SHOT, NICKEL!

SORRY, VOS—JOINT EFFORT, OF COURSE.

I'D RATHER BE SHOOTING MEGATRON—

—WHERE IS HE?

HE'S DOING WHAT ANY GOOD GENERAL WOULD DO: DELAYING HIS ENTRANCE.

WHY RUSH INTO THE FRAY WHEN OTHERS CAN BEAR THE BRUNT?

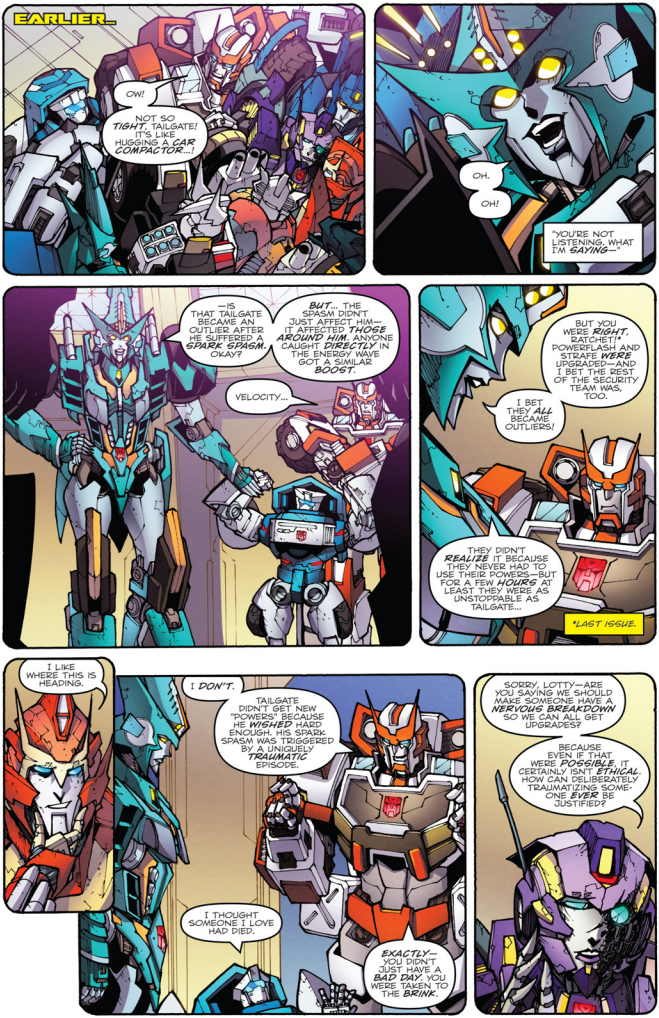
I PRESUME BY BEAR THE BRUNT YOU MEAN GET SLAUGHTERED.

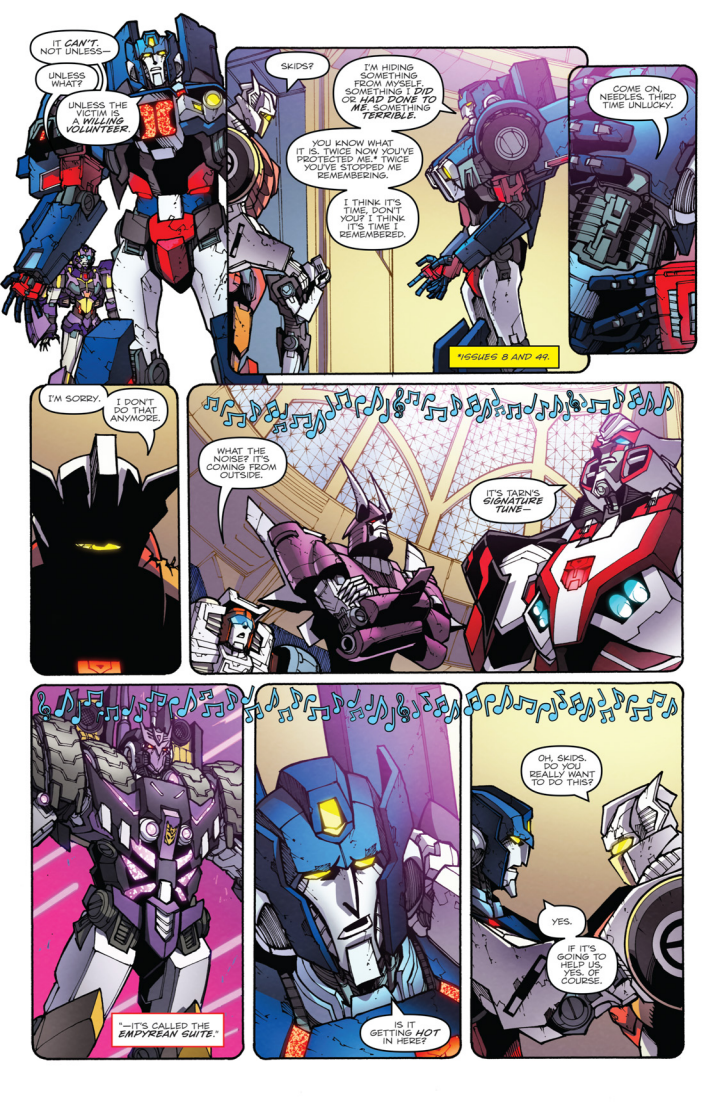
NICKEL'S RIGHT—THIS WAS NOT SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN. THE AUTOBOTS ARE FIGHTING WITH A FERVOR THAT WOULD PUT THE WARRIORS ELITE TO SHAME!

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE WILL TO SURVIVE, DEATHSAURUS.

WE'RE WITNESSING A FINAL FLAILING.

NO, NO, THIS IS SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING'S HAPPENED. WE'VE BEEN PLAYED.


EARLIER...
OW!
NOT SO TIGHT, TAILGATE! IT'S LIKE HUGGING A CAR COMPACTOR...!
OH.
OH!
"YOU'RE NOT LISTENING, WHAT I'M SAYING—"
—IS THAT TAILGATE BECAME AN OUTLIER AFTER HE SUFFERED A SPARK SPASM. OKAY?
BUT... THE SPASM DIDN'T JUST AFFECT HIM—IT AFFECTED THOSE AROUND HIM. ANYONE CAUGHT DIRECTLY IN THE ENERGY WAVE GOT A SIMILAR BOOST.
VELOCITY...
BUT YOU WERE RIGHT, RATCHET!* POWERFLASH AND STRAFE WERE UPGRADED—AND I BET THE REST OF THE SECURITY TEAM WAS, TOO.
I BET THEY ALL BECAME OUTLIERS!
THEY DIDN'T REALIZE IT BECAUSE THEY NEVER HAD TO USE THEIR POWERS—BUT FOR A FEW HOURS AT LEAST THEY WERE AS UNSTOPPABLE AS TAILGATE...
*LAST ISSUE.
I LIKE WHERE THIS IS HEADING.
I DON'T.
TAILGATE DIDN'T GET NEW "POWERS" BECAUSE HE WISHED HARD ENOUGH. HIS SPARK SPASM WAS TRIGGERED BY A UNIQUELY TRAUMATIC EPISODE.
I THOUGHT SOMEONE I LOVE HAD DIED.
EXACTLY—YOU DIDN'T JUST HAVE A BAD DAY. YOU WERE TAKEN TO THE BRINK.
SORRY, LOTTY—ARE YOU SAYING WE SHOULD MAKE SOMEONE HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN SO WE CAN ALL GET UPGRADES?
BECAUSE EVEN IF THAT WERE POSSIBLE, IT CERTAINLY ISN'T ETHICAL. HOW CAN DELIBERATELY TRAUMATIZING SOMEONE EVER BE JUSTIFIED?

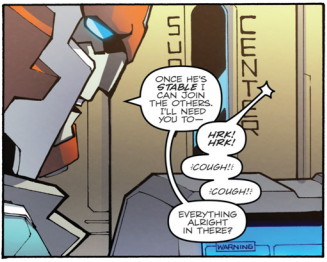

IT CAN'T NOT UNLESS—
UNLESS WHAT?
UNLESS THE VICTIM IS A WILLING VOLUNTEER.
SKIDS?
I'M HIDING SOMETHING FROM MYSELF. SOMETHING I DID OR HAD DONE TO ME. SOMETHING TERRIBLE.
YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS. TWICE NOW YOU'VE PROTECTED ME.* TWICE YOU'VE STOPPED ME REMEMBERING.
I THINK IT'S TIME. DON'T YOU? I THINK IT'S TIME I REMEMBERED.
*ISSUES 8 AND 44.
COME ON, NEEDLES. THIRD TIME UNLUCKY.
I'M SORRY.
I DON'T DO THAT ANYMORE.
WHAT THE NOISE? IT'S COMING FROM OUTSIDE.
IT'S TARN'S SIGNATURE TUNE—
"—IT'S CALLED THE EMPYREAN QUITE."
IS IT GETTING HOT IN HERE?
OH, SKIDS. DO YOU REALLY WANT TO DO THIS?
YES.
IF IT'S GOING TO HELP US, YES. OF COURSE.

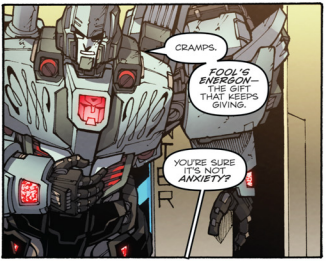
ALRIGHT, THEN.
GATHER ROUND, PEOPLE. IF THIS IS GOING TO WORK, YOU ALL NEED TO BE *UP CLOSE*.
NOT YOU, TAILGATE. YOU'VE ALREADY TAKEN YOUR *MAGIC MEDICINE*.
OKAY, BUDDY—I WANT YOU TO FOCUS ON THE *MUSIC*. THINK ABOUT WHEN YOU LAST HEARD IT. LET IT *TAKE YOU BACK*.
I'M GOING TO SAY A FEW WORDS AND—YEAH. WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS.
GOOD LUCK.
GRINDCORE.
MOUTH FLOWER.
THE COMMANDANT.
QUARK.

AK-AK-AK-

AHHH!
HAVEN'T FLAMED OUT IN A LONG TIME.
DID THAT LOOK AS GOOD AS IT FELT?
WHOA.
HEH.
OH.
OH.
THIS ISN'T SUPPOSED TO—
DRIIIIFT!
THE UPGRADE'S WEARING OFF!

THE FORTRESS.
IT'S WORSE THAN I THOUGHT. I EXPECTED HIS MIND TO SHUT DOWN, BUT HIS SPARK IS THE SIZE OF A PINPRICK.
IT'S NOT LOOKING GOOD.
MEGATRON...?

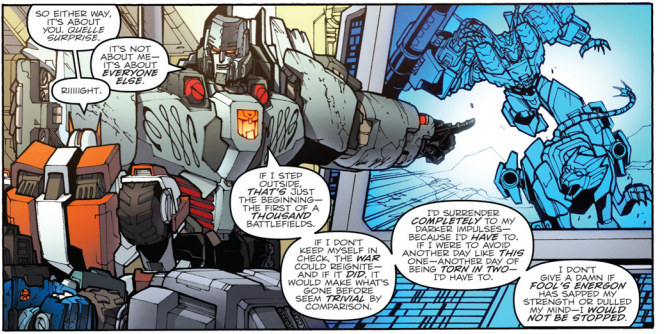

ONCE HE'S STABLE I CAN JOIN THE OTHERS. I'LL NEED YOU TO.
HRK! HRK!
:COUGH!:
:COUGH!:
EVERYTHING ALRIGHT IN THERE?
WARNING


CRAMPS.
FOOL'S ENERGON—THE GIFT THAT KEEPS GIVING.
YOU'RE SURE IT'S NOT ANXIETY?

CHOOSE YOUR WORDS CAREFULLY, DOCTOR.
HEY. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S AFRAID TO GO OUTSIDE. NOT THAT I BELIEVE YOU...
YOU'RE NOT A COWARD. MEGATRON—OR A PACIFIST, FOR THAT MATTER. AT LEAST NOT IN THE WAY I UNDERSTAND THE WORD.

I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE D.J.D.
I AM, HOWEVER, AFRAID OF REDISCOVERING WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF.
I'M AFRAID THAT IF I GO OUT THERE AND FIGHT—REALLY FIGHT—I WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP. EVER. BECAUSE I WON'T WANT TO.

EVERY DAY IT'S A BATTLE. RATCHET. EVERY HOUR. EVERY SECOND.
A BATTLE BETWEEN ME AND THE REAL ME—AND I WISH I KNEW WHICH WAS WHICH.


SO EITHER WAY, IT'S ABOUT YOU. *QUELLE SURPRISE.*
IT'S NOT ABOUT ME— IT'S ABOUT *EVERYONE ELSE.*
R!!!!!IGHT.
IF I STEP OUTSIDE, *THAT'S* JUST THE BEGINNING— THE FIRST OF A *THOUSAND* BATTLEFIELDS.
IF I DON'T KEEP MYSELF IN CHECK, THE *WAR* COULD REIGNITE— AND IF IT *DID*, IT WOULD MAKE WHAT'S GONE BEFORE SEEM *TRIVIAL* BY COMPARISON.
I'D SURRENDER *COMPLETELY* TO MY DARKER IMPULSES— BECAUSE I'D *HAVE* TO. IF I WERE TO AVOID ANOTHER DAY LIKE *THIS* ONE—ANOTHER DAY OF BEING *TORN IN TWO*— I'D HAVE TO.
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN IF *FOOL'S ENERGON* HAS SAPPED MY STRENGTH OR DULLED MY MIND—I *WOULD NOT BE STOPPED.*

MEGATRON...
...THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS FOOL'S ENERGON.
IT'S A *PLACEBO.* IT'S UNFILTERED ENERGON.
UNFILTERED. UNTREATED.
TASTES *DISGUSTING.* BUT IT DOESN'T *DO* ANYTHING.
BUT IT WEAKENED ME...
DID IT? OR DID YOU JUST *CONVINCE* YOURSELF THAT IT DID?

I SPOKE TO *OPTIMUS* AFTER WE LEFT CYBERTRON— I WANTED TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I WAS ADMINISTERING.
HE QUOTED MY OWN *MED REPORT* BACK AT ME: HE SAID THAT *SHOCKWAVE* DID SUCH DAMAGE TO YOUR *INTERNALS* THAT ADMINISTERING A *REAL* CHEMO-SEDIVE WOULD CONSTITUTE *UNLAWFUL PUNISHMENT.*
"FOOL'S ENERGON" WAS INTENDED AS AN *EARLY WARNING SYSTEM.* IF YOU EVER REFUSED TO TAKE IT, WE'D KNOW YOU WERE HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT... WELL... EVERYTHING.
WHY NOW? WHY TELL ME NOW?

BECAUSE WHEN YOU FOUGHT WHIRL AND PERCEPTICON—AND TAILGATE; I HEARD ABOUT THAT—YOU *HELD BACK*.

THAT WASN'T THE FOOL'S ENERGON—THAT WAS YOU. YOU'VE *ALWAYS* BEEN IN CONTROL....

...EVEN IF YOU HAVEN'T REALIZED IT. SO TELL ME—

—WHY SHOULD TODAY BE ANY DIFFERENT?

RAVAGE?

GOT TO... FIND BRAINSTORM...

SKIDS!

KRISH

DON'T! YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO MOVE!

...THE THINGS I'VE DONE...

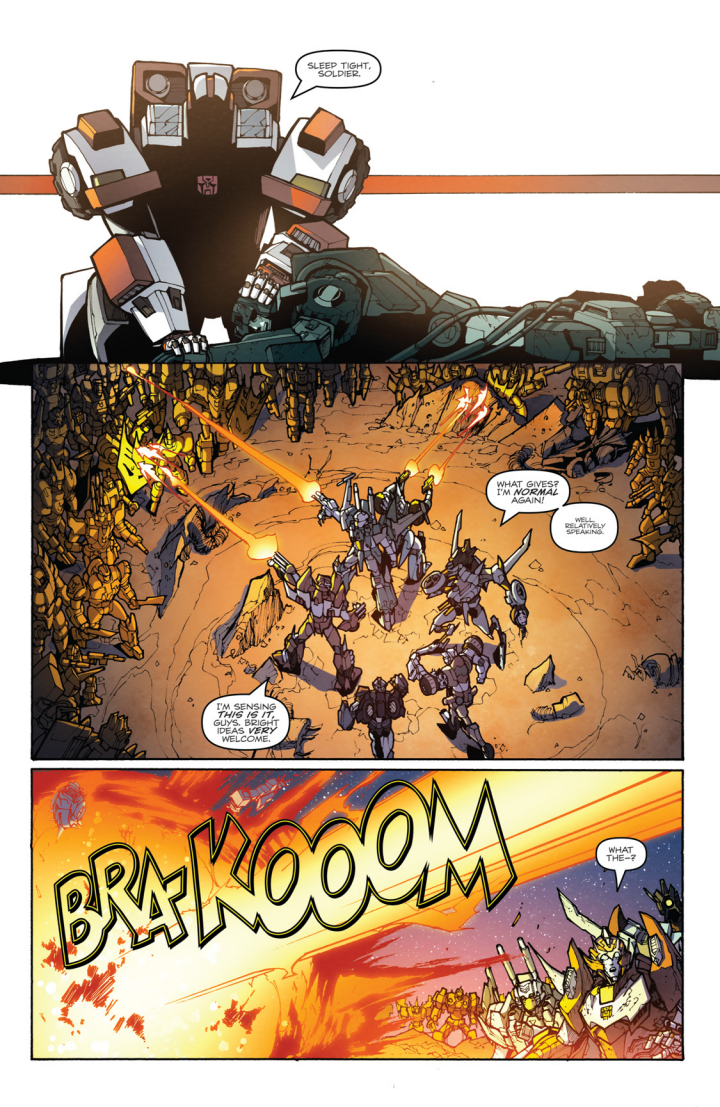
IF YOU MOVE ANOTHER INCH YOU'LL *DIE*.

...I'M SCUM, RATCHET... SCUM...

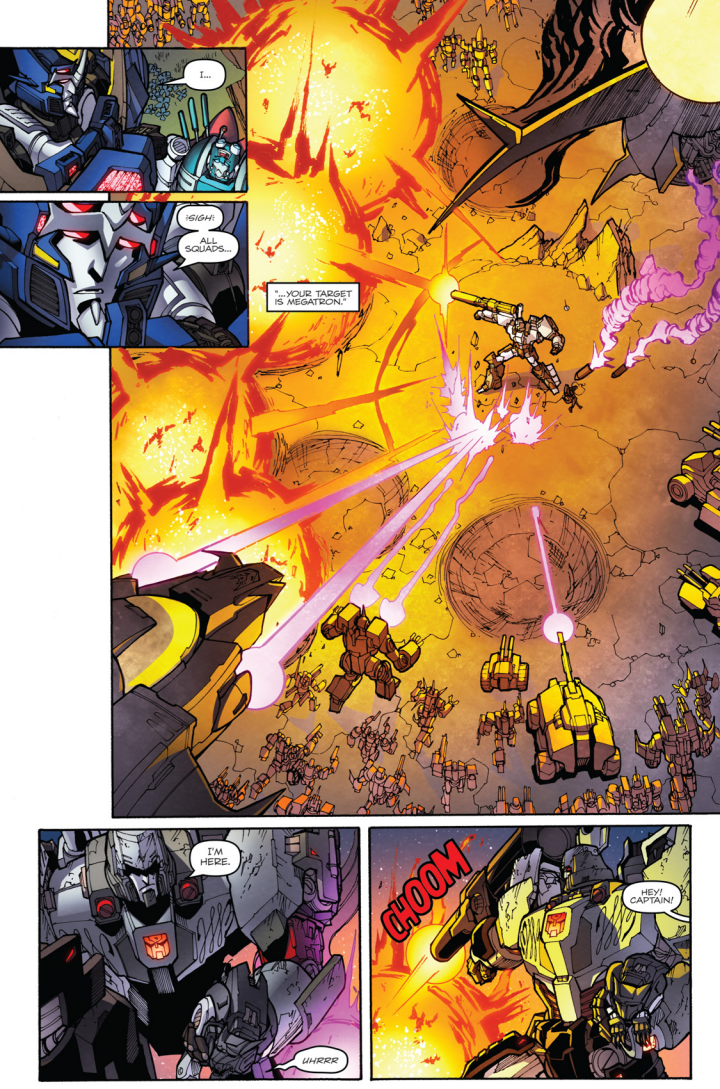
MEGATRON! HELP ME GET HIM BACK ON THE SLAB!

MEGATRON?

FORGET FANCY WEAPONRY—LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE HUMBLE FIST!
FINGERS AND THUMB WORKING IN CONCERT! TRULY, A DESIGN CLASS!—
—GAARGH!
KRUNCH
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
WHFF!
WE'RE LOSING POWER! THE SPARK SPASM'S WEARING OFF!
ALREADY?!
SKIDS OF NOVA CRONUM
CHEERS, SKIDS. IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED.
EH?
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS STATUE?

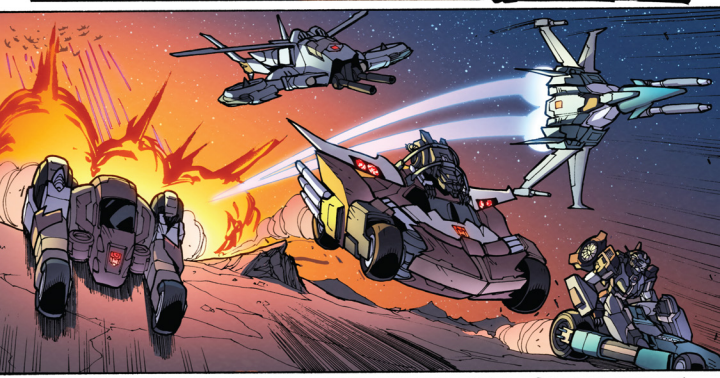

SLEEP TIGHT, SOLDIER.
WHAT GIVES? I'M *NORMAL* AGAIN!
WELL, RELATIVELY SPEAKING.
I'M SENSING *THIS IS IT*, GUYS. BRIGHT IDEAS *VERY* WELCOME.
BRAKOOOM
WHAT THE–?

CHOOM
YOU SAID HE WAS *WEAK*...
HE *WAS*. HE'S FOUND HIS *FIRE*.
HE'S FOUND A *GUN*. SO WHAT? ANY FOOL CAN SQUEEZE A TRIGGER.
HE'S DECIMATING MY MEN!
WE NEED TO RETHINK THIS. I'M GOING TO ORDER A *RETREAT*.
YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING.
NICKEL, VOS—TELL TESARUS AND HELEX TO WITHDRAW.
DEATHSAURUS—ORDER YOUR TROOPS TO CONVERGE ON MEGATRON.
ALL OF THEM.
BUT HE'LL *WIPE THEM OUT!*
NOT BEFORE THEY'VE *TIRED* HIM OUT. NOW *GIVE THE ORDER!*


I...
!SIGH!
ALL SQUADS...
"...YOUR TARGET IS MEGATRON."
I'M HERE.
UHRRR
CHOOM
HEY! CAPTAIN!

YOUR CREW, REPORTING FOR DUTY.
GET INSIDE, ALL OF YOU!
BUT—
I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP—I DON'T NEED *ANYBODY'S* HELP. BUT SAVAGE *DOES.*
TAKE HIM TO RATCHET NOW.
BUT.

NOW!



CHOOM
CHOOM
CHOOM

TAAAAAARN!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? AFRAID TO SHOW YOUR *FACE?*

B-KOOM!
AAK!
BEAUTIFUL.
NO...
YOU WERE RIGHT, OVERLORD—
—WITHOUT HIS GUN HE IS NOTHING.

COME ON... GET UP!

GET UP!

TELL ME, MEGATRON—

LOOK ME IN THE EYE AND *TELL ME*—

ONE QUESTION—ONE SIMPLE QUESTION BEFORE YOU DIE...

WAS IT WORTH IT?

TOGETHER?

TOGETHER.

CHOOM CHOOM CHOOM

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #54 COVER SUB

by **NICK ROCHE** Colors by **JOSH BURCHAM**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #55 COVER A

by **ALEX MILNE** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

NECROWORLD.

GENERAL NEECH?

URGENT MESSAGE FROM YOUR *CONTACT*, SIR—HE'S ASKING TO SPEAK TO YOU.

TELL HIM I'M BUSY.

THE RETALIATOR (GALACTIC COUNCILCLASS B WARSHIP).

NO, ACTUALLY—TELL HIM I'M *UNHAPPY*.

TELL HIM WE HAD A *DEAL*: HE SEDATES *MEGATRON* AND WE DO THE REST. HE SUPPLIES THE *COORDINATES*, WE SUPPLY THE *KILLER*.

A VERY *SIMPLE* QUID PRO QUO—AND WHAT HAPPENS?

FIVE HUNDRED ANGRY *DECEPTICONS* BEAT US TO THE PUNCH.

OVERLORD INSISTS THAT THE D.J.D.'S PRESENCE IS A *POSITIVE*: THEIR LEADER *ALSO* WANTS MEGATRON DEAD.

GOOD, BECAUSE THIS CANNOT END ANY OTHER WAY. IF OVERLORD *FAILS*...

...WE MAY HAVE TO *ESCALATE* MATTERS.

THE *COUNCIL* WAS PREPARED TO TURN A *BLIND EYE* TO THE *LOST LIGHT'S HEROICS* SO LONG AS THE CREW HELPED *ONLY* THEIR FELLOW MECHANICALS.

MILIARIUM CHANGED EVERYTHING.*

MEGATRON SAVING *ORGANICS*? THE CYBERTRONIANS' MOST NOTORIOUS *BIOPHOBE*—THE *GRANDFATHER* OF *TECHNOISM*—AND SUDDENLY HE'S DOING *OUR* JOB?

NO, THAT CANNOT STAND. IF THE PLANETS UNDER OUR PROTECTION QUESTION THE *NEED* FOR THAT PROTECTION, THEY QUESTION THE NEED FOR *US*.

*SEE ISSUE 50.

YOUR CONTACT, SIR...

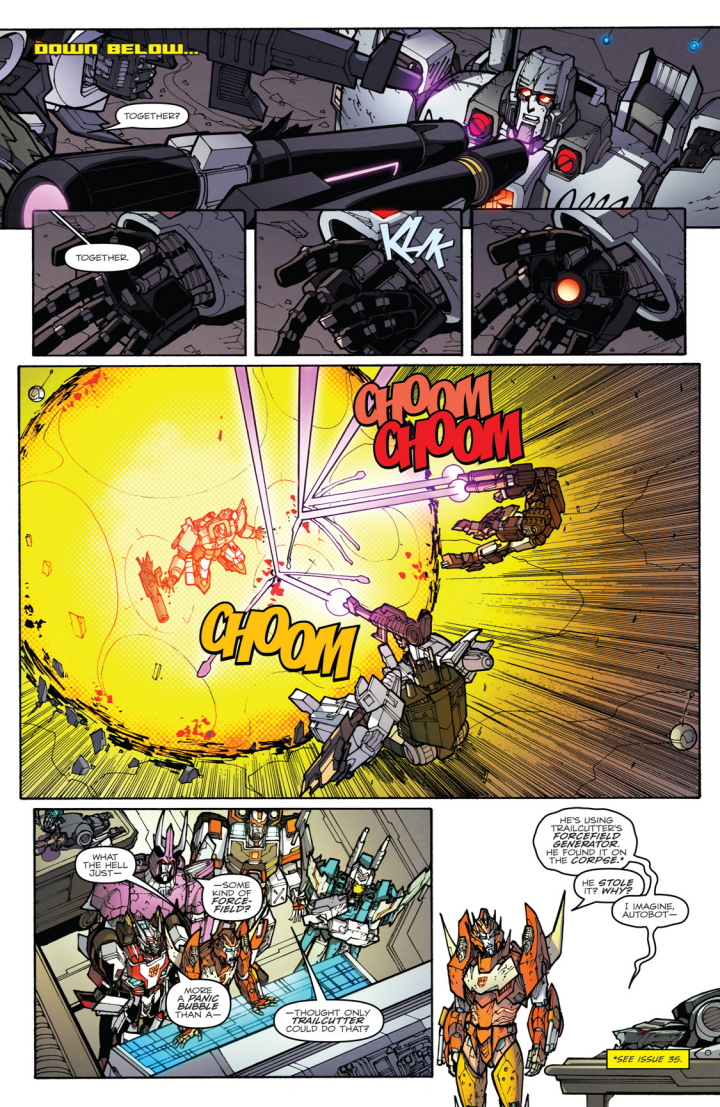
YES, YES. WHAT DOES HE ACTUALLY *WANT*?

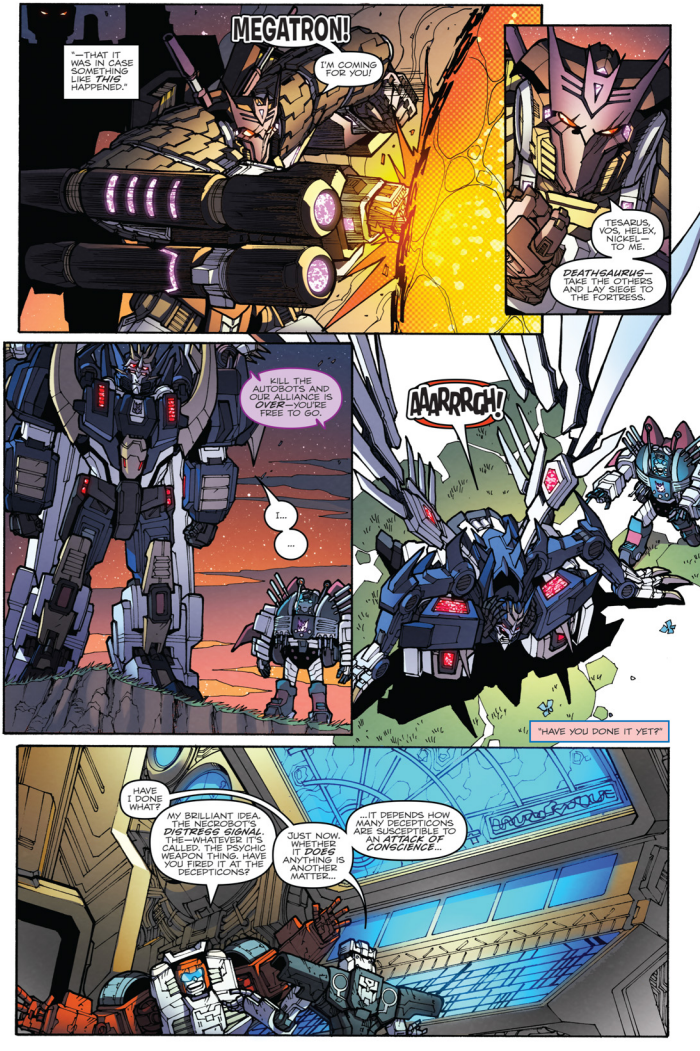
HE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'VE *KEPT YOUR PROMISE*—YOU SAID NONE OF THE OTHER AUTOBOTS WOULD COME TO HARM.

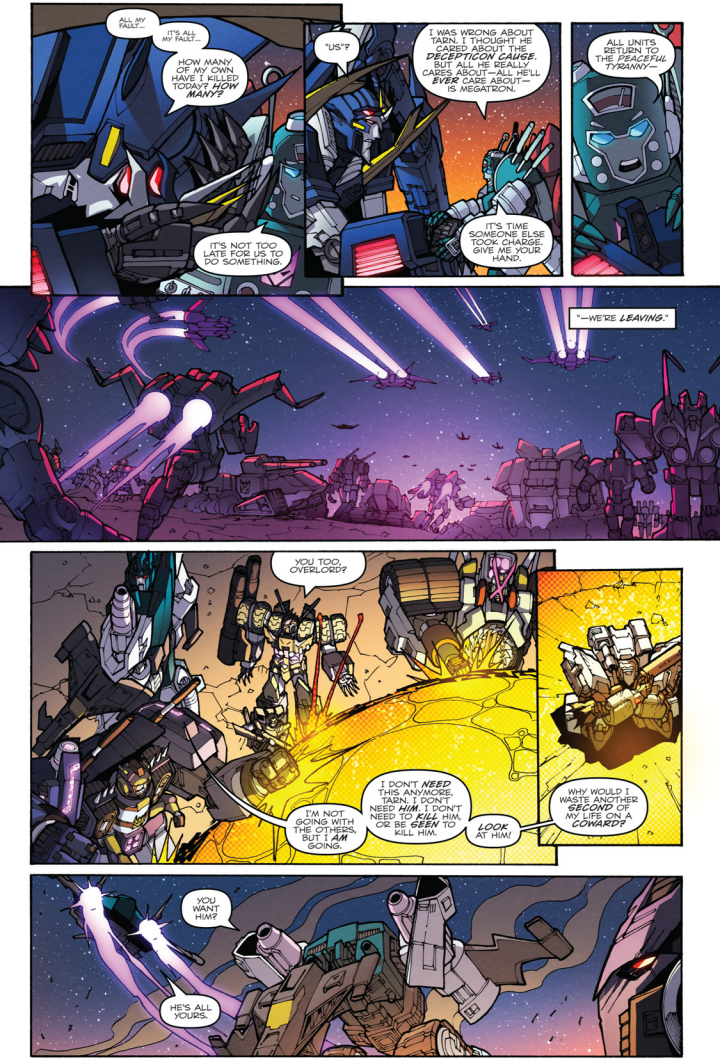
WHAT WAS HIS NAME AGAIN? THEY HAVE SUCH *FUNNY* NAMES.

I BELIEVE IT'S *GET-A-WAY*, SIR.

TELL GET-A-WAY I DON'T RECALL MAKING THAT PROMISE...


DOWN BELOW...
TOGETHER?
TOGETHER.
KLK
CHOOM CHOOM
CHOOM
WHAT THE HELL JUST—
—SOME KIND OF FORCE-FIELD?
MORE A PANIC BUBBLE THAN A—
—THOUGHT ONLY TRAILCUTTER COULD DO THAT?
HE'S USING TRAILCUTTER'S FORCEFIELD GENERATOR. HE FOUND IT ON THE CORPSE.*
HE STOLE IT? WHY?
I IMAGINE, AUTOBOT—
*SEE ISSUE 35.


MEGATRON!
"—THAT IT WAS IN CASE SOMETHING LIKE *THIS* HAPPENED."
I'M COMING FOR YOU!
TESARUS, VOS, HELEX, NICKEL—TO ME.
DEATHSAURUS—TAKE THE OTHERS AND LAY SIEGE TO THE FORTRESS.
KILL THE AUTOBOTS AND OUR ALLIANCE IS *OVER*—YOU'RE FREE TO GO.
I...
...
AAARRRCH!
"HAVE YOU DONE IT YET?"
HAVE I DONE WHAT?
MY BRILLIANT IDEA. THE NECROBOT'S *DISTRESS SIGNAL*. THE—WHATEVER IT'S CALLED. THE PSYCHIC WEAPON THING. HAVE YOU FIRED IT AT THE DECEPTICONS?
JUST NOW. WHETHER IT *DOES* ANYTHING IS ANOTHER MATTER...
...IT DEPENDS HOW MANY DECEPTICONS ARE SUSCEPTIBLE TO AN *ATTACK OF CONSCIENCE*...


ALL MY FAULT—
IT'S ALL MY FAULT—
HOW MANY OF MY OWN HAVE I KILLED TODAY? HOW MANY?
IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR US TO DO SOMETHING.
"US"?
I WAS WRONG ABOUT TARN. I THOUGHT HE CARED ABOUT THE DECEPTICON CAUSE. BUT ALL HE REALLY CARES ABOUT—ALL HE'LL EVER CARE ABOUT—IS MEGATRON.
IT'S TIME SOMEONE ELSE TOOK CHARGE. GIVE ME YOUR HAND.
ALL UNITS RETURN TO THE PEACEFUL TYRANNY—
"—WE'RE LEAVING."
YOU TOO, OVERLORD?
I'M NOT GOING WITH THE OTHERS, BUT I AM GOING.
I DON'T NEED THIS ANYMORE, TARN. I DON'T NEED HIM. I DON'T NEED TO KILL HIM, OR BE SEEN TO KILL HIM.
LOOK AT HIM!
WHY WOULD I WASTE ANOTHER SECOND OF MY LIFE ON A COWARD?
YOU WANT HIM?
HE'S ALL YOURS.

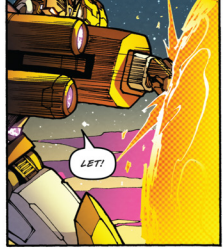
NOPE, SORRY. DON'T GET IT. TRAILCUTTER WAS AN *CUTZLER*.
YOU CAN'T JUST BORROW HIS HAND AND—AND—DO *THAT*. NOT WITHOUT BURNING UP *MONUMENTAL* AMOUNTS OF ENERGY.
IF ANYONE CAN FIND A WAY, IT'S MEGATRON.
HE'S NOT DANGEROUS BECAUSE HE'S *STRONGER* THAN EVERYONE ELSE. HE'S DANGEROUS BECAUSE HE'S *SMARTER* THAN EVERYONE ELSE.

PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED.
YOU? HA! YOU'RE NOT EVEN THE SMARTEST PERSON IN THIS *CONVERSATION*.
ER, REMIND ME WHICH ONE OF US BUILT A *TIME MACHINE* OUT OF *BRIEFCASES*?
REMIND ME *COUGH!!* WHICH ONE OF US *STOLE IT?*

SHUSH. LESS CHAT, KITTY-CAT.
REST.
I'M *DYING*, VELOCITY. TALKING HELPS ME *FORGET* THAT FACT.

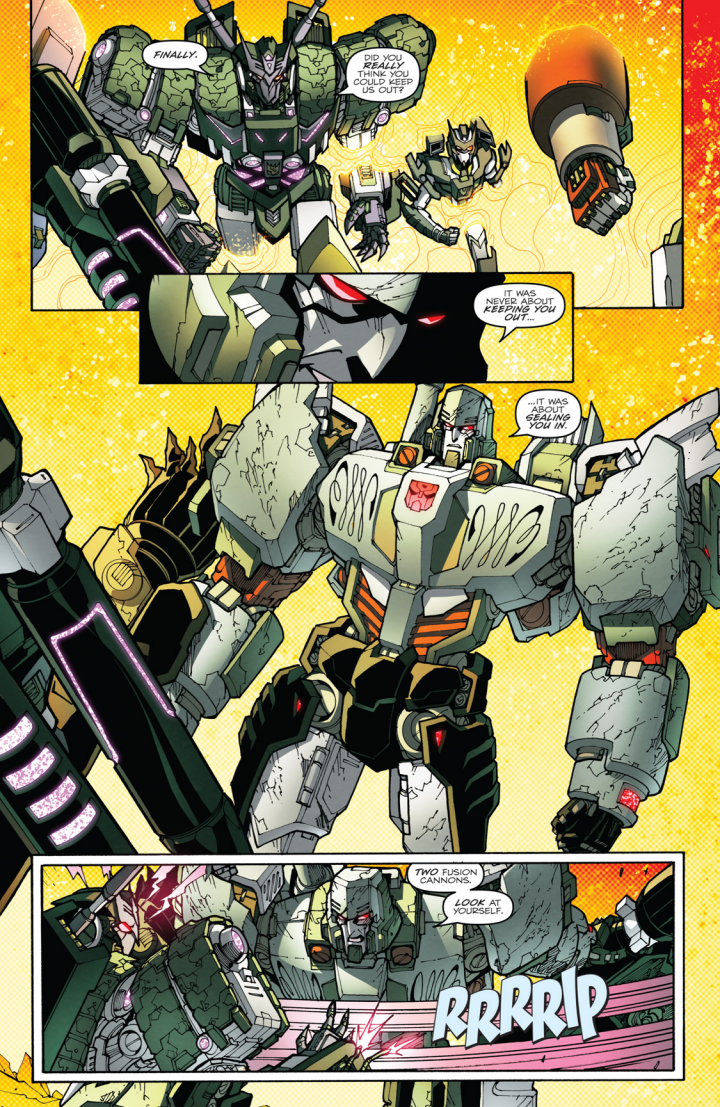
I *BURNT* THE BRIEFCASES.
YES—ALL BUT ONE. THE ORIGINAL.
MEGATRON SAW A *TIME MACHINE* AS THE ULTIMATE *MEANS OF ESCAPE*... SHOULD THE *NEED* TO ESCAPE EVER PRESENT ITSELF.
HE CARRIED IT WITH HIM *EVERYWHERE*. HE USED TO—*COUGH!*—HIDE IT IN HIS BACK...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN *USED TO?*
WHERE IS IT NOW, RAVAGE? IS IT ON THE *LOST LIGHT*?
BECAUSE IF *GETAWAY* GETS HIS HANDS ON IT...
HE WON'T. MEGATRON DISPOSED OF IT *MONTHS* AGO. HE DECIDED THAT INSTEAD OF *SEEKING REFUGE* IN THE PAST—


"—HE SHOULD *CONFRONT IT*."
LET!

ME!

IN!


FINALLY.
DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD KEEP US OUT?
IT WAS NEVER ABOUT KEEPING YOU OUT...
...IT WAS ABOUT SEALING YOU IN.
TWO FUSION CANNONS.
LOOK AT YOURSELF.
RRRRRIP

GUYS...
SHHHH! MEGATRON'S UP TO SOMETHING!
WHAT IS IT?
WE'RE MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY FROM CYBERTRON, STUCK ON A HOLLOW PLANET THAT NO ONE'S SUPPOSED TO KNOW ABOUT. CAN SOMEONE PLEASE EXPLAIN TO ME—
—WHAT MY ARM IS DOING IN ONE OF THE CUPBOARDS?
HE DID IT! HE FOUND A WAY!
FOUND A WAY TO DO WHAT?
"TO SIPHON ANTIMATTER..."
I'D WON.
FINALLY—AFTER FIVE MILLION YEARS OF FIGHTING—OF FIGHTING MYSELF—I'D WON.
I WAS PREPARED TO ACCEPT MY FATE.
I WAS AT PEACE.
I WAS HAPPY.
AND THEN YOU CAME ALONG AND RUINED EVERYTHING!
"WHAT DO YOU MEAN ANTIMATTER?"

YOU MEAN THE STUFF COMING OUT OF HIS EYES?

THAT "STUFF" COULD POWER A *PANIC BUBBLE* FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.

MEGATRON SPENT HALF THE WAR TRYING TO ESTABLISH A *REMOTE CONNECTION* TO A *BLACK HOLE* SO HE COULD MINE ANTI-MATTER FROM A SAFE DISTANCE.

I HEARD HE NEARLY SUCCEEDED.

PRECISELY—HE *FAILED*.

SHOCKWAVE'S EXPERIMENTS* LEFT HIM WITH FRESH *INTER-DIMENSIONAL INJURIES*—AND ENCOURAGED HIM TO *TRY AGAIN*.

BUT WHY? THE WAR WAS OVER...

*SEE DARK CYBERTRON.

YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM, DO YOU? YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW HE *OPERATES*.

MOVING HIS TRIAL TO *LUNA 2*, STEALING TRAILCUTTER'S HAND, STEALING THE BRIEFCASE...

HE'S ALWAYS TEN STEPS AHEAD—IN *EVERY* DIRECTION.

HE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS *TODAY*—BUT HE KNOWS THAT *TOMORROW* HE MIGHT WANT SOMETHING *DIFFERENT*.

EVERY EVENTUALITY IS PREPARED FOR. EVERY POSSIBILITY ENTERTAINED. HIS WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN A *CAT'S CRADLE* OF *CONTINGENCY PLANS*.

WHAT DOES *ANY* OF THAT HAVE TO DO WITH *THIS* MIRACLE OF ENGINEERING?

LAST YEAR, YOU LOST YOUR ARM TO MEGATRON IN A FIGHT...

*SEE ISSUE #28.

"*LOST* IT? HE *SWALLOWED* IT!"

"YES—AND TODAY, HE *SPAT IT OUT*."

FOR THE LAST 12 MONTHS, YOUR ARM HAS BEEN EDGING TOWARDS AN *EVENT HORIZON*.

MEGATRON'S USED IT AS AN *ANCHORING POINT*, KNOWING THAT IF HE COULD *FIND* IT AND *RETRIEVE* IT, HE COULD MAKE THE CONNECTION TO THE BLACK HOLE WORK *BOTH WAYS*.

"HE SAT IN HIS ROOM FOR DAYS ON END, REACHING OUT WITH HIS THOUGHTS. HE FOUND THE ANCHOR, BUT HE WAS NEVER STRONG ENOUGH TO BRING IT BACK.

"TAILGATE'S SPARK SPASM MADE HIM WONDER WHETHER *PAIN* WAS THE ANSWER. HE USED TO SAY NOTHING *FOCUSED THE MIND* LIKE *SUFFERING*—AND I THINK TODAY PROVES HE WAS RIGHT."

I JUST WANT TO SAY THIS MAKES ME *ALL SORTS* OF UNEASY. ANTIMATTER IS *MONUMENTALLY* VOLATILE...

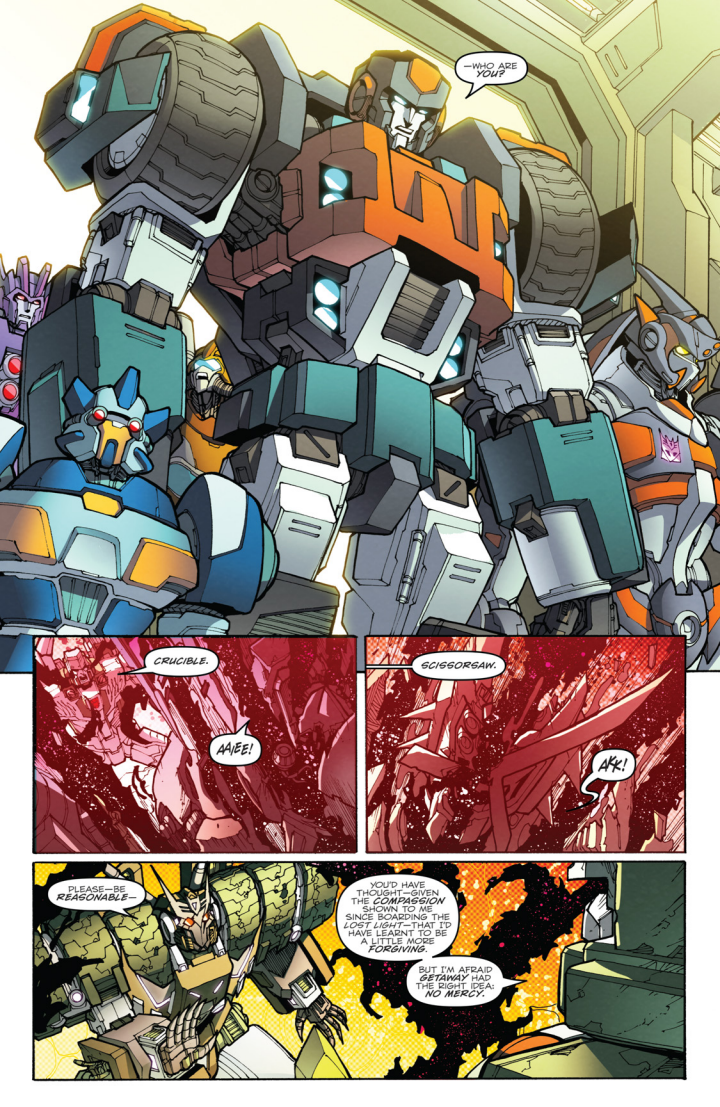
HE KNOWS THAT.

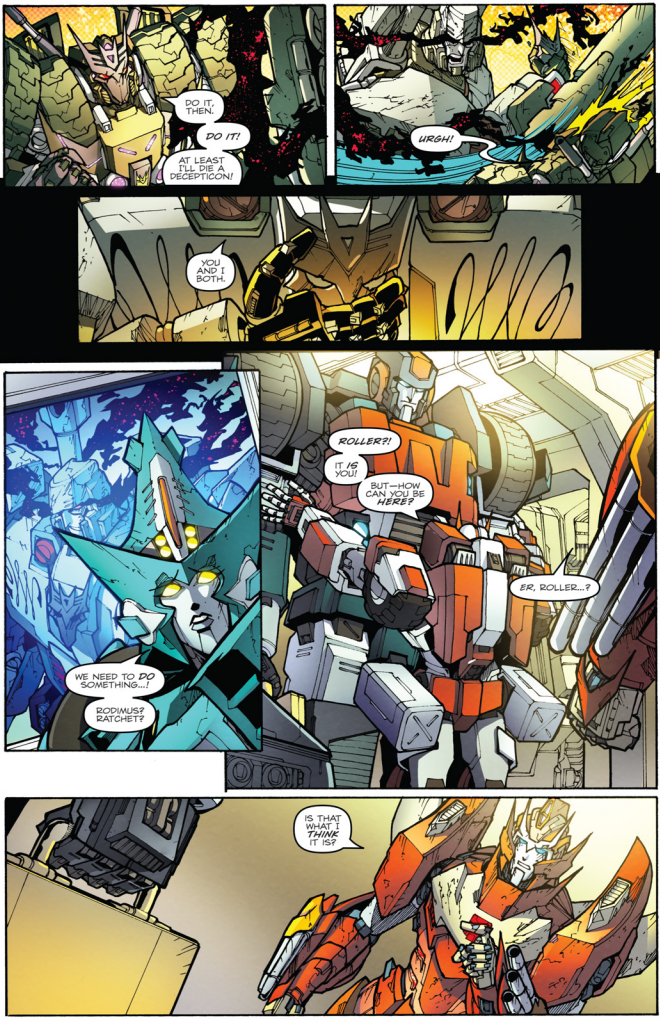
DOES HE? IT'S *GUARANTEED TO EXPLODE*. RAVAGE!

AND WHEN IT DOES, IT'LL TAKE HALF THIS PLANET WITH IT!

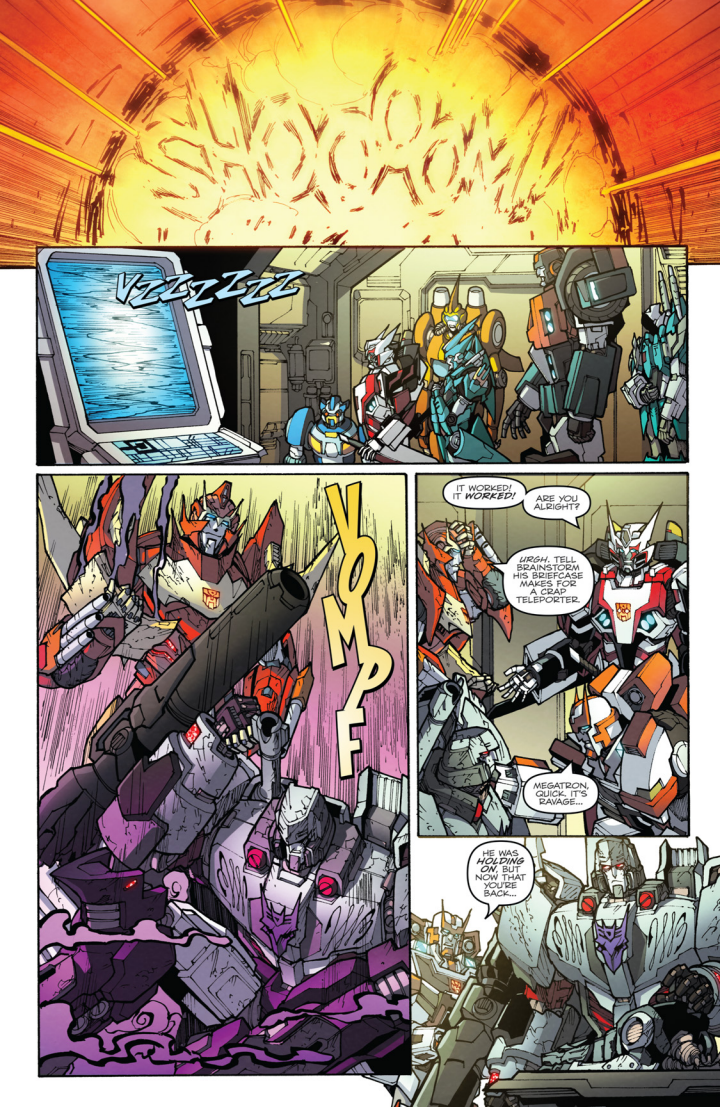
NO—

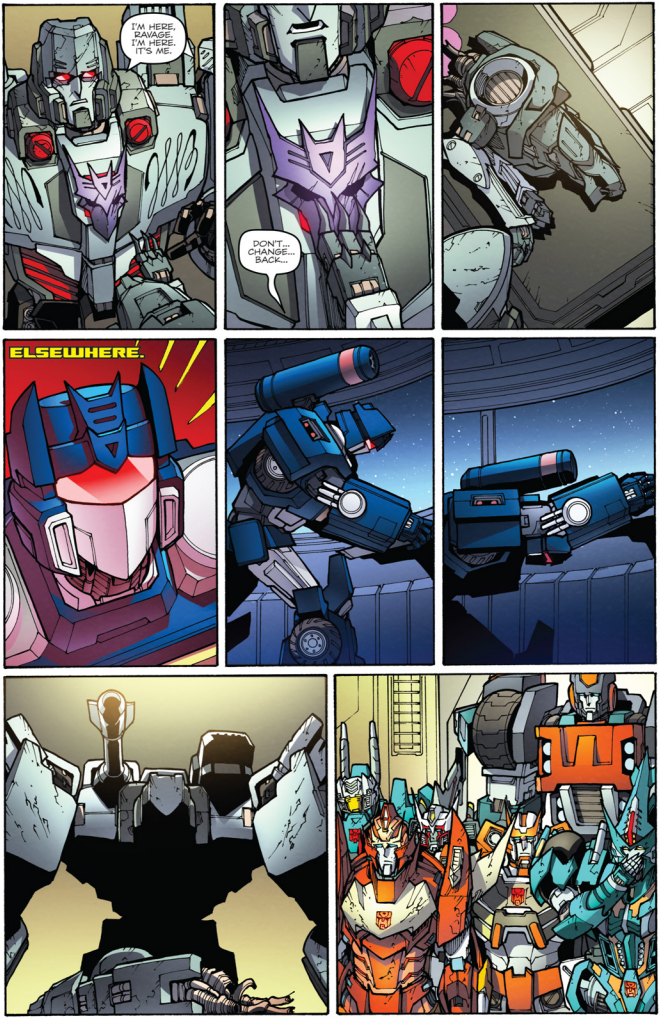
"—JUST EVERYTHING INSIDE THE PANIC BUBBLE."
MARK THIS DAY, TARN—IT'S THE DAY THE DREAM DIES.
I'M SHUTTING YOU DOWN.
AAIEEE!
VOS!
NO.
NOT "VOS." NOT ANYMORE.
TODAY, YOU DIE BY YOUR BIRTH NAMES, STARTING WITH YOU...
HRRK!
...FORESTOCK.
OH—SO THEY'VE ALL GOT MADE-UP NAMES?
THEY'RE NAMED AFTER CITIES.
EVEN THEIR LEADER?
EVEN TARN.
SO WHAT'S HIS REAL NAME, THEN? WHO IS HE?
NEVER MIND THAT—


—WHO ARE YOU?
CRUCIBLE.
AAIEE!
SCISSORSAW.
AK!
PLEASE—BE REASONABLE—
YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT—GIVEN THE COMPASSION SHOWN TO ME SINCE BOARDING THE LOST LIGHT—THAT I'D HAVE LEARNT TO BE A LITTLE MORE FORGIVING.
BUT I'M AFRAID GETAWAY HAD THE RIGHT IDEA: NO MERCY.


DO IT, THEN.
DO IT!
AT LEAST I'LL DIE A DECEPTICON!
URGH!
YOU AND I BOTH.
WE NEED TO DO SOMETHING...!
RODIMUS? RATCHET?
ROLLER?!
IT IS YOU!
BUT—HOW CAN YOU BE HERE?
ER, ROLLER...?
IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?

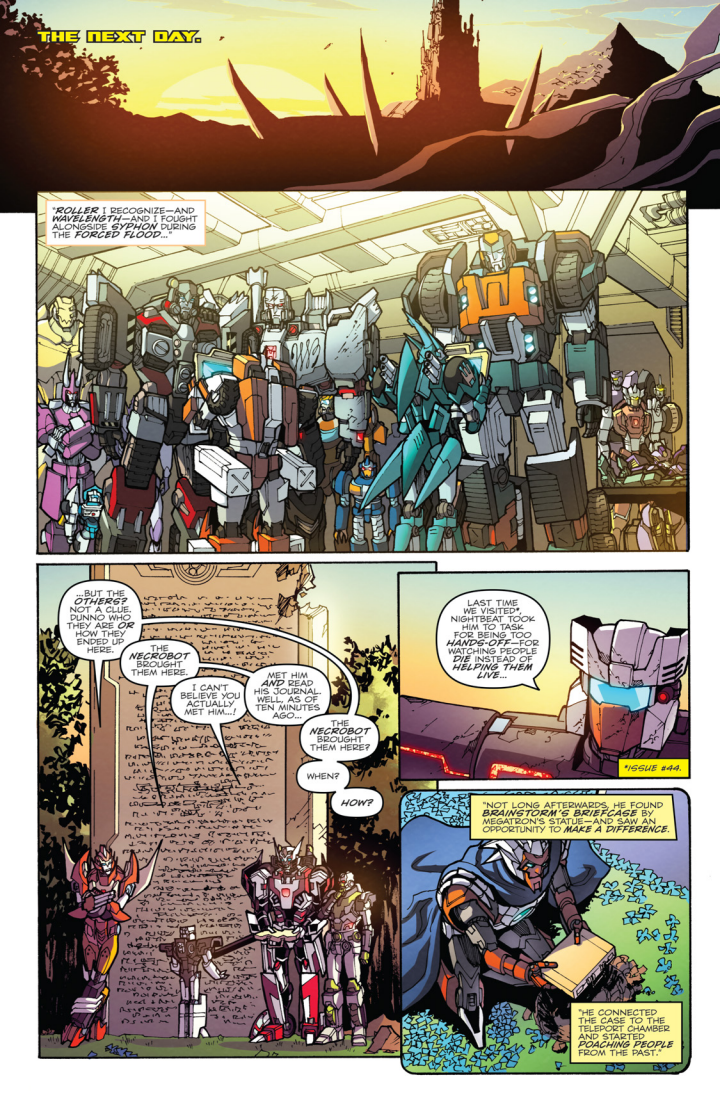
GOODBYE, GLITCH! I WANT YOU TO DIE WITH ONE THOUGHT IN YOUR HEAD:
EVERYTHING YOU DID WAS FOR NOTHING.
MEGATRON!
LEAVE HIM! TAKE MY HAND!
KOOM
BRAINSTORM'S PULLING ME BACK IN FIVE SECONDS!
COME ON!

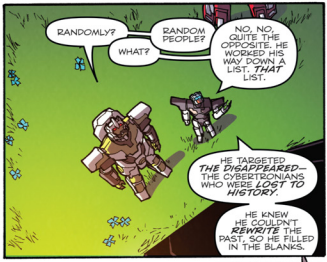

VZZZZZZZ
VOMPF
IT WORKED! IT *WORKED!*
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
URGH. TELL BRAINSTORM HIS BRIEFCASE MAKES FOR A CRAP TELEPORTER.
MEGATRON, QUICK. IT'S RAVAGE...
HE WAS *HOLDING ON,* BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK...

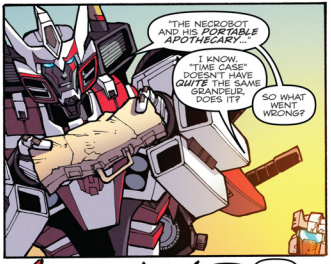

I'M HERE, RAVAGE. I'M HERE. IT'S ME.
DON'T... CHANGE... BACK...
ELSEWHERE.

C'MON.
YOU NEED TO REST. I CAN PATCH YOU UP. LET ME PATCH YOU UP.
DON'T TOUCH ME.
OKAY, BUT YOU DON'T NEED THE CANNON ANYMORE.
LEAVE IT.
IT'S NOT EVEN—
LEAVE IT!
...
...
I THINK IT'S TIME I LEFT.
MEGATRON? IS THAT YOU?

WHAT'S GOING ON?
TERMINUS...?
KLIK
ARE WE STILL ON *MEGGATINE*?
THERE WAS AN *EVACUATION*— AN *EXPLOSION*...
OOF!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
NOTHING.
EVERYTHING.
I LOST MY WAY.


THE NEXT DAY.
"ROLLER I RECOGNIZE—AND WAVELENGTH—AND I FOUGHT ALONGSIDE SYPHON DURING THE FORCED FLOOD..."
...BUT THE OTHERS? NOT A CLUE. DUNNO WHO THEY ARE OR HOW THEY ENDED UP HERE.
THE NECROBOT BROUGHT THEM HERE.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY MET HIM...!
MET HIM AND READ HIS JOURNAL. WELL, AS OF TEN MINUTES AGO...
THE NECROBOT BROUGHT THEM HERE?
WHEN?
HOW?
LAST TIME WE VISITED*, NIGHTBEAT TOOK HIM TO TASK FOR BEING TOO HANDS-OFF—FOR WATCHING PEOPLE DIE INSTEAD OF HELPING THEM LIVE...
*ISSUE #44.
"NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, HE FOUND BRAINSTORM'S BRIEFCASE BY MEGATRON'S STATUE—AND SAW AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE.
"HE CONNECTED THE CASE TO THE TELEPORT CHAMBER AND STARTED POACHING PEOPLE FROM THE PAST."

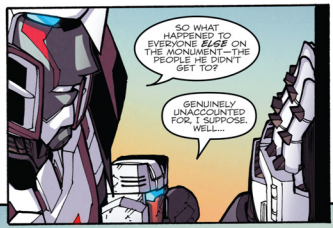

RANDOMLY?
WHAT?
RANDOM PEOPLE?
NO, NO, QUITE THE OPPOSITE. HE WORKED HIS WAY DOWN A LIST. THAT LIST.
HE TARGETED THE DISAPPEARED—THE CYBERTRONIANS WHO WERE LOST TO HISTORY.
HE KNEW HE COULDN'T REWRITE THE PAST, SO HE FILLED IN THE BLANKS.

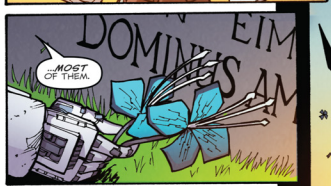

"THE NECROBOT AND HIS PORTABLE APOTHECARY...."
I KNOW. "TIME CASE" DOESN'T HAVE QUITE THE SAME GRANDEUR, DOES IT?
SO WHAT WENT WRONG?

"WELL, FIRSTLY, TRAVEL SICKNESS.
"JUMPING THROUGH TIME USING A SINGLE BRIEFCASE TOOK ITS TOLL ON THE NECROBOT'S PASSENGERS. HE PUT THEM IN A COMA TO GIVE THEIR INTERNAL SYSTEMS TIME TO ADJUST."

HE PUT THEM IN A—
WAIT.
NO.
THE ORGANICS...?
YEAH, THE "ORGANICS."
THE NECROBOT WAS HALFWAY DOWN THE LIST WHEN THE D.J.D. SHOWED UP.
HIS JOURNAL STOPS AT THAT POINT, BUT I'M GUESSING HE REALIZED THAT SOME OF THE PEOPLE HE'D SAVED WERE TARGETS—THEY'D GONE AWOL, AFTER ALL.
HE NEEDED TO HIDE THEM—

—SO HE USED HOLOGRAPHIC CAMOUFLAGE TO MAKE THEM LOOK ORGANIC.
SOUND FAMILIAR?


SO WHAT HAPPENED TO EVERYONE ELSE ON THE MONUMENT—THE PEOPLE HE DIDN'T GET TO?
GENUINELY UNACCOUNTED FOR, I SUPPOSE. WELL....


...MOST OF THEM.

SPEAKING OF THE DISAPPEARED, ANY NEWS ON NIGHTBEAT AND RUNG?
NO NEWS, NO CONTACT, NO NOTHING. WHATEVER THEY'VE FOUND DOWN THERE...

"...I HOPE IT WAS WORTH IT."

NIGHTBEAT! I RARELY LET MY *TEMPER* GET THE BETTER OF ME, BUT I AM *THIS CLOSE* TO RAISING MY VOICE.

ACCORDING TO MY *INTERNAL CHRONOMETER*, SUNSET IS 40 MINUTES AWAY. IF WE TURN AROUND NOW WE *MIGHT* GET BACK IN TIME TO HELP THE OTHERS.

NIGHTBEAT?

I MEAN, IT'S NOT AS IF WE'VE *ACCOMPLISHED* ANYTHING. ALL WE'VE DONE SINCE LEAVING THE FORTRESS IS *CLIMB DOWN TUNNELS*.

MY DEAR RUNG...

...I BEG TO DIFFER.

CHECK IT OUT—IT'S ALL *METAL*. THE PLANET'S ENTIRE *INNER SURFACE*.

BUT HOW CAN WE BE *STANDING* ON IT?

ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY—BUT ON A GLOBAL SCALE. THE GENERATOR *ALONE* MUST BE SIZE OF A CITY.

NOW THIS MUCH *AGO*... THAT CAN'T BE *SAFE*, CAN IT? THAT'S GOING TO AMPLIFY THE USUAL *SIDE EFFECTS*. MOOD SWINGS, LACK OF SPATIAL AWARENESS, TEMPORAL DIS-ORIENTATION...

MY *EYEBROWS* ARE TWITCHING. THERE'S SOME-THING YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME.

I... I THINK OUR BODY CLOCKS HAVE BEEN *LYING* TO US. WE LEFT ABOUT THREE HOURS AGO... EXCEPT WE *DIDN'T*.

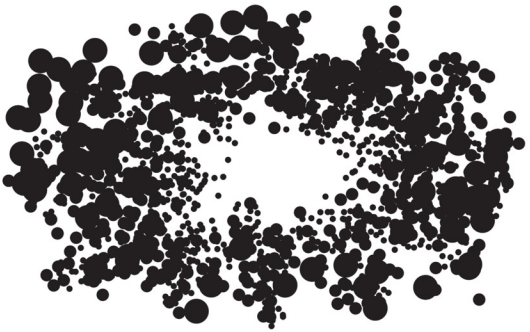
I'VE JUST CHECKED MY *ENERGON LEVELS* AND SINCE LEAVING THE FORTRESS I'VE BURNT ABOUT HALF A *DAY'S* WORTH.

RUNG?

ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME? I SAID WE'VE BEEN GONE HALF A DAY.

HELLO...? ANYONE IN THERE?

I THINK I KNOW WHERE WE ARE. I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT. BUT—
WHEN I WAS *YOUNG*—BEFORE I LEFT THE *PIOUS FOUNG*—I LIVED NEAR THE *VINVISSIUS CANALS*. YOU'D KNOW THEM AS VINVISSIUS HEIGHTS—THEY WERE REDEVELOPED JUST BEFORE THE WAR.
NOW, SEE OVER THERE...? SEE THE WAY THE LAND IS *VEINED*? SEE THE PATTERN?
UH-HUH.
THOSE ARE THE VINVISSIUS CANALS—BUT *INVERTED*. IF YOU *POURED METAL* AGAINST THAT PATTERN, YOU'D *MAKE* THE VINVISSIUS CANALS...
RIGHT! SO YOU THINK—
YOU THINK THAT SOMEHOW—
...
...
NOPE. NOT A CLUE.
I THINK THIS IS CYBERTRON. *ANCIENT* CYBERTRON.
I DON'T MEAN THIS IS *LITERALLY* CYBERTRON. I MEAN—
THIS IS WHERE CYBERTRON WAS *MADE*.
THIS PLANET IS THE *MOLD* INTO WHICH OUR HOMEWORLD WAS *POURED*.
FZZZZZZT
WHAT IS IT?
IS IT ALIVE? IT'S HUMMING.
DON'T TOUCH IT.
IT'S NOT ALIVE. IT'S—
CRAP.
IT LOOKS LIKE A *GEOBOMB*.
"GEO" AS IN...
AS IN "LET'S DESTROY AN ENTIRE PLA—

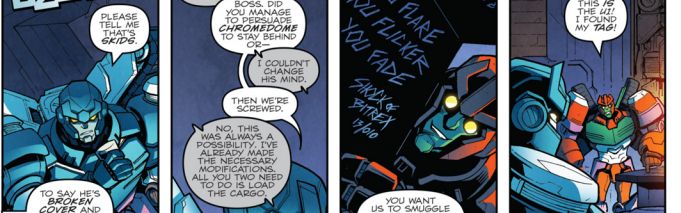


The Dying of the Light
(Conclusion)

Do Not Go Gentle

NEXT: TITANS RETURN!

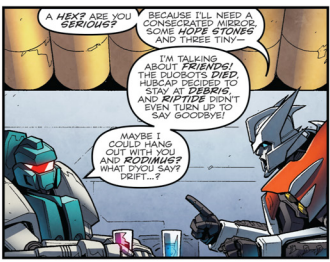
I'M TELLING YOU, ORE. THIS IS IT! THIS IS UNITREX 1! OUR OLD SHIP!
THE SHIP THAT NEVER SAILED. THE SHIP THAT DISAPPEARED.
THE SHIP THAT DISAPPEARED FIVE MILLION YEARS AGO.
KEEP GOING. YOUR SKEPTICISM FUELS MY BELIEF.
NO GUNS. NO SWORDS. NO BRIEFCASES


C'MON, SHOCK—WE TAKE OFF IN TWENTY MINUTES.
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ATTACHING A TRACER TO THE QUANTUM ENGINES, NOT SNOOPING AROUND THE CANTEEN.
(A CANTEEN, WHICH DOES, I ACCEPT, LOOK WEIRDLY SIMILAR TO THE ONE ON BOARD THE UI...)
YOU CAN BE ON TRACER DUTY. I'M LOOKING FOR PROOF.

BZZT
PLEASE TELL ME THAT'S SKIDS.
TO SAY HE'S BROKEN COVER AND WANT'S TO MEET US ON HEDONIA.
IT'S ME, PROWL.
BOSS, DID YOU MANAGE TO PERSUADE CHROMEDOME TO STAY BEHIND OR—
I COULDN'T CHANGE HIS MIND.
THEN WE'RE SCREWED.
NO, THIS WAS ALWAYS A POSSIBILITY. I'VE ALREADY MADE THE NECESSARY MODIFICATIONS. ALL YOU TWO NEED TO DO IS LOAD THE CARGO.
YOU FLARE YOU FLICKER YOU FADE
SKRAM & PATREX 15/600
YOU WANT US TO SMUGGLE OVERLORD ON BOARD IN TWENTY MINUTES? ARE YOU SERIOUS?
WHAT? YES, OF COURSE I'M SERIOUS. I'M ALWAYS SERIOUS.
THIS IS THE UI! I FOUND MY TAG!
WONDERFUL. NOW LET'S TURN OUT THE LIGHTS AND GET OUT OF HERE—
—BEFORE ANYONE SEES US.

GRAND SECRET OPENING
JUST REMEMBER THE FOUR RULES: NO SWORDS, NO GUNS, NO BRIEFCASES, AND NO TELLING ULTRA MAGNUS.

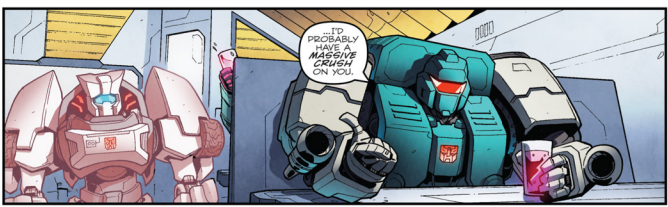
TO SHOCK AND ORE. MAY THE AFTERSPARK TREAT THEM KINDLY.
WERE YOU CLOSE?
WE WOULD'VE BEEN—I'D ONLY JUST MET THEM, I THINK I'M CURSED...

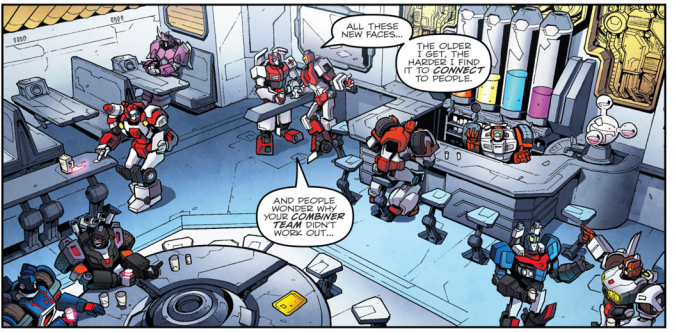

A HEX? ARE YOU SERIOUS?
BECAUSE I'LL NEED A CONSECRATED MISSIO; SOME HOPE STONES AND THREE TINY—
I'M TALKING ABOUT FRIENDS! THE DUOBOT'S DIED, HUBCAP DECIDED TO STAY AT DEBRIS, AND RIPTIDE DIDN'T EVEN TURN UP TO SAY GOODBYE!
MAYBE I COULD HANG OUT WITH YOU AND RODIMUS? WHAT D'YOU SAY? DRIFT...?

WHAT ABOUT REWIND? HE'S GOT A KIND SPARK. YOU CAN TELL FROM HIS EYES.
HE'S WITH THE MNEMOSURGEON.
AH, SO IT'S NOT JUST FRIENDSHIP YOU'RE AFTER...

SO DOES PIPES OF WELEK HAVE A TYPE?
TRIPLE CHANGERS, SAME HEIGHT AS ME, IDEALLY, AQUATIC ALT MODE, MINIMAL KIBBLE, BIG CHEST PLATE...
I'M THINKING MORE PERSONALITY, CHARACTER, TEMPERAMENT...
YEAH, THEY'RE ALL GOOD TOO.

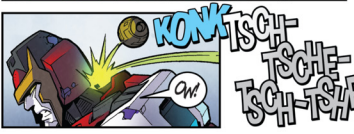
WELL THERE'S BOMB DISPOSAL EXPERT ON BOARD WHO'S ABOUT YOUR BUILD.
I COULD INTRODUCE YOU...
YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND, DRIFT...IF YOU WERE HALF AS BIG AND TUNED INTO A BOAT...


I'D PROBABLY HAVE A MASSIVE CRUSH ON YOU.


ALL THESE NEW FACES...
THE OLDER I GET, THE HARDER I FIND IT TO CONNECT TO PEOPLE.
AND PEOPLE WONDER WHY YOUR COMBINER TEAM DIDN'T WORK OUT...

ACTUALLY, FIRST AID, I HAVE A REQUEST TO MAKE. IT'S... RATHER PERSONAL.
IF IT'S ABOUT FLAKY PAINT SYNDROME, RELAX. YOU JUST NEED A GOOD PRIMER.
IT'S ABOUT MY ALT MODE.
THE OTHER COMBICONS—KICKER, SWING, ABDOMINUS, EVEN ARM-OR—THEY DON'T MIND TURNING INTO BODY PARTS... BUT I HATE IT. ALL THE PUNS...

IF IT HELPS, THERE'S A BOT ON BOARD WHO TURNS INTO A TRIPOD.
REGARDLESS, I—
NO, NO, I GET IT. YOUR SECOND SHAPE IS YOUR OWN BUSINESS.
WATCH OUT FOR THE BARKEEP, THOUGH. HE'S ALT MODE CURIOUS.

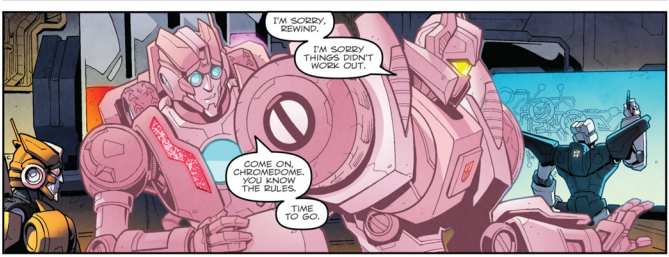

KONK
TSCH-TSCHE-TSCH-TSCHE
OW!

SORRY, AMBULON—DID I TRIGGER YOUR TRANSFORMATION COG...? SORRY.
DON'T MENTION IT. TO ANYONE.
WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT. I RESPECT YOU TOO MUCH FOR THAT. IN FACT, FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, I THINK YOU'RE A LIVING LEGEND.

WAIT. THAT LOOKED BETTER WRITTEN DOWN.

DOMEY? I'M READY TO GO!
IF YOU COULD ASK ATOMIZER, KAARON, SLAPDASH, DIPSTICK, SPROCKET, AND RED ALERT TO MEET ME IN TEN MINUTES, I CAN—WHAT?
COURSE IT'LL WORK! TRUST ME!
YEP.
YEP. BYE-BYE. YEP.
LOVE YOU, TOO.

WE'RE GONNA GET YOU TALKING AGAIN, BUDDY...
...AND THEN, YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A LONG OVERDUE CHAT ABOUT DOMINUS AMBUS.


I'M SORRY, REWIND.
I'M SORRY THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT.
COME ON, CHROMEDOME. YOU KNOW THE RULES.
TIME TO GO.

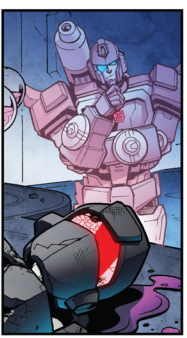
MEDIC!

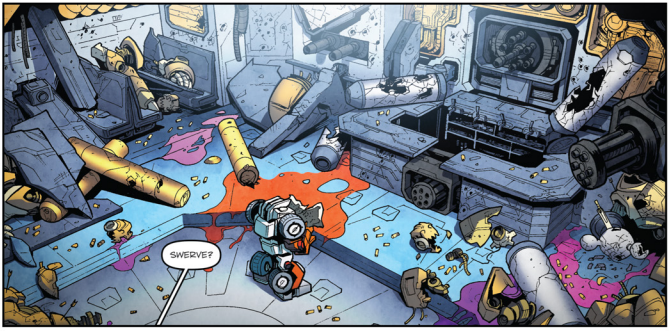
SORRY—YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH AN *ENGINEER*.
IT'S *TRIPODECA*. I WAS USING HIM TO *AIM* WHEN *OVERLORD* GRABBED HIM AND—WELL, I'M SURPRISED HE'S STILL GOT THREE LEGS.
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

I TAKE IT THE *MEDIBAY'S* STILL OUT OF BOUNDS...
TOO MANY CORPSES IN THE DOORWAY.
HOW ABOUT THAT? A *PHASE SIXER* WITH A SENSE OF *IRONY*.

PERCEPTOR...? YOU *WILL* STOP HIM, WON'T YOU?
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN—

THERE YOU ARE.

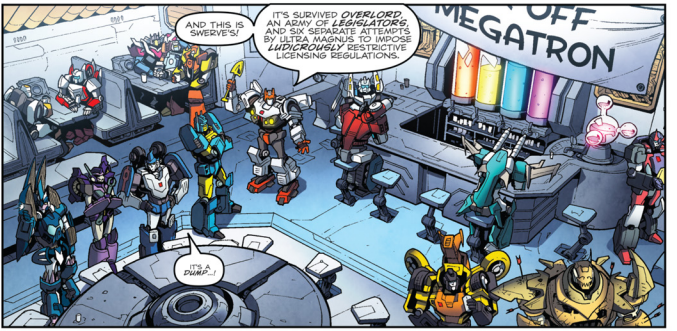


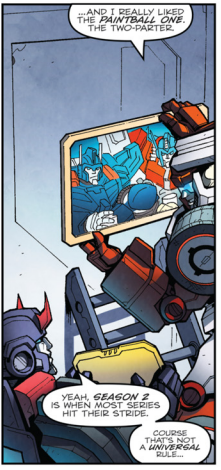

SWERVE?

IF WE HELP YOU CLEAR UP DO YOU PROMISE TO RE-OPEN?

"DEAL."
IF ANYONE FINDS A DECENT LEGIGLATOR, LET ME KNOW.
"DECENT" MEANING...?
DOORMAN MATERIAL. INTACT. ALIVE...

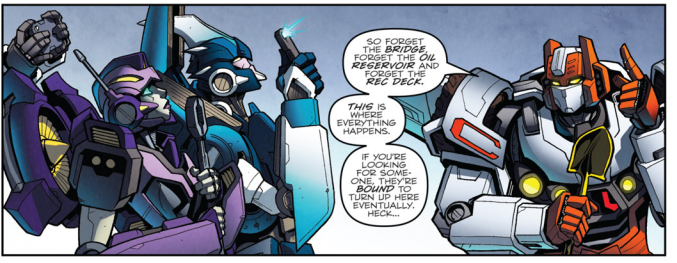
...REPRO-GRAMMABLE.

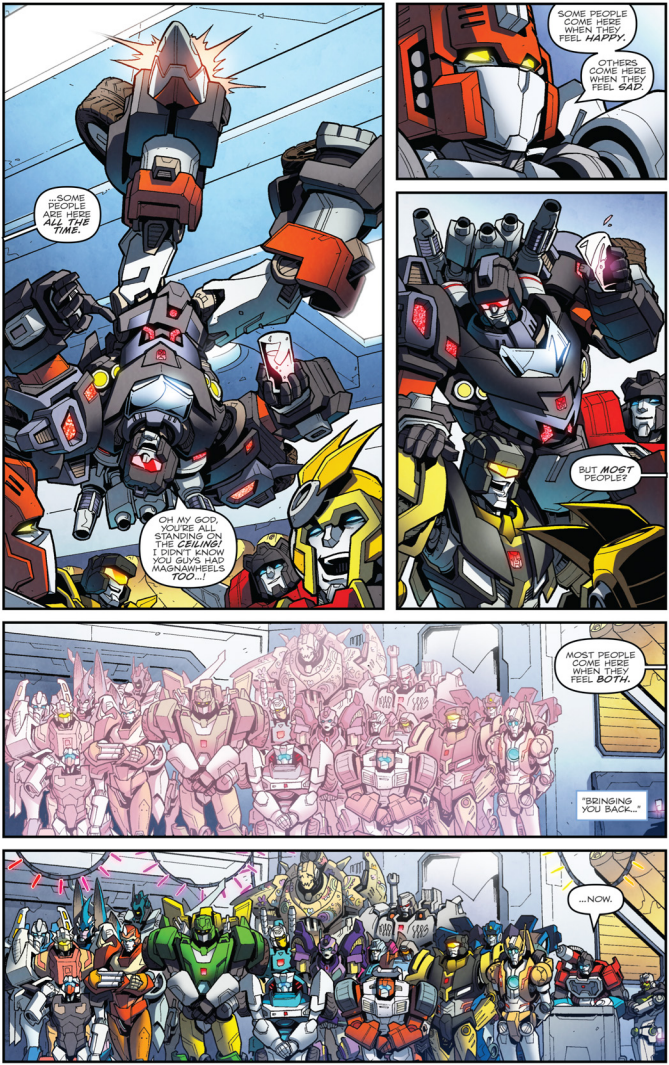

AND THIS IS SWERVE'S/
IT'S SURVIVED OVERLORD, AN ARMY OF LEGISLATORS, AND SIX SEPARATE ATTEMPTS BY ULTRA MAGNUS TO IMPOSE LUDICROUSLY RESTRICTIVE LICENSING REGULATIONS.
MEGATRON
IT'S A DUMP...


...AND I REALLY LIKED THE PAINTBALL ONE, THE TWO-PARTER.
YEAH, SEASON 2 IS WHEN MOST SERIES HIT THEIR STRIDE.
COURSE THAT'S NOT A UNIVERSAL RULE...

SO WHAT I'M SAYING—
WHAT I'M BASICALLY SAYING—
—IS WHERE WOULD YOU STAND IN THE EVENT OF A COUP?

QUARK? RINGS A BELL. QUARK...
OH YES! WITH THE HEAD.
FUNNY LITTLE FELLOW. VERY BRIGHT.


SO FORGET THE BRIDGE, FORGET THE OIL RESERVOIR AND FORGET THE REC DECK.
THIS IS WHERE EVERYTHING HAPPENS.
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE, THEY'RE BOUND TO TURN UP HERE EVENTUALLY. HECK...


...SOME PEOPLE ARE HERE ALL THE TIME.
OH MY GOD, YOU'RE ALL STANDING ON THE CEILING! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU GUYS HAD MAGNAWHEELS TOO...!
SOME PEOPLE COME HERE WHEN THEY FEEL HAPPY.
OTHERS COME HERE WHEN THEY FEEL SAD.
BUT MOST PEOPLE?
MOST PEOPLE COME HERE WHEN THEY FEEL BOTH.
"BRINGING YOU BACK..."
...NOW.

AND YOU'RE SURE THIS IS SAFE?
ENTIRELY. YOU CAN SEE THE PAST, BUT YOU CAN'T INTERACT WITH IT. YOU'RE INVISIBLE.
AND WITH RESPECT, MINIMUS AMBUS, IT'S A LITTLE LATE TO BE ASKING ME THAT NOW.
I'VE BEEN OVERSEEING THESE EXCURSIONS ALL DAY.
SORRY. I WAS FUMIGATING MY ARMOR.
IT STILL SMELLS OF SCRAPLETS.

BUT WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED? RODIMUS SAYS BRAINSTORM'S BRIEFCASE OPENED A MAGIC WINDOW.
SIGH.
EVERY TIME RODIMUS ATTEMPTS TO USE LAYMAN'S TERMS, A SCIENTIST DIES OF EMBARRASSMENT.

BRAINSTORM DIDN'T REALIZE IT AT THE TIME—NONE OF US DID—BUT HIS EXPERIMENTS CREATED THOUSANDS OF TINY SPACE-TIME FIGURES—FIXED OBSERVATION POINTS SCATTERED ACROSS THE SHIP.
THEY ALL CONNECT TO THE PAST, BUT ONLY THE ONE OVER THERE IS LARGE ENOUGH TO ALLOW A PROPER LOOK BACK.

WELL AT LEAST PEOPLE SEEM TO HAVE BEHAVED THEMSELVES. I'VE HAD NO REPORTS OF HIJINKS, HORSEPLAY OR TOMFOOLERY.

IT'S NOT SURPRISING. IF YOU HAD THE CHANCE TO GO BACK IN TIME, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
WHAT WOULD ANYONE DO?
YOU'D FIND THE PEOPLE WHO WERE NO LONGER WITH US.
YOU'D PAY SILENT TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD.

MINIMUS—IF YOU WANT TO LOOK THROUGH THE WINDOW, YOU'D BETTER HURRY. IT'S SHRINKING, AND ONCE IT'S GONE, THAT'S IT.
ACTUALLY, RODIMUS, IT SEEMS THAT SOME OF THE "WINDOWS" EXPAND AND CONTRACT RATHER THAN DISAPPEAR ALTOGETHER.
SO AT SOME POINT IN THE FUTURE THE PORTAL IN HERE MIGHT RE-OPEN? WHEN?

WELL, IT DEPENDS ON—
ACTUALLY NO, NO, DON'T TELL ME...

HERE'S TO SURPRISES!

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #50 COVER RE

by **HAYATO SAKAMOTO & CASEY W. COLLER** Colors by **YAMAISHI, production by Phase6**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #50 COVER RI

by **ALEX MILNE** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #50 COVER SUB A

by **JAMES BIGGIE**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #50 COVER SUB B

by **MIKE CHOI**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #50 COVER SUB C

by **NICK ROCHE** Colors by **JOSH BURCHAM**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #51 COVER RI

by **LIVIO RAMONDELLI**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #52 COVER RE

by **JUAN CARLOS RAMOS**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #52 COVER RI

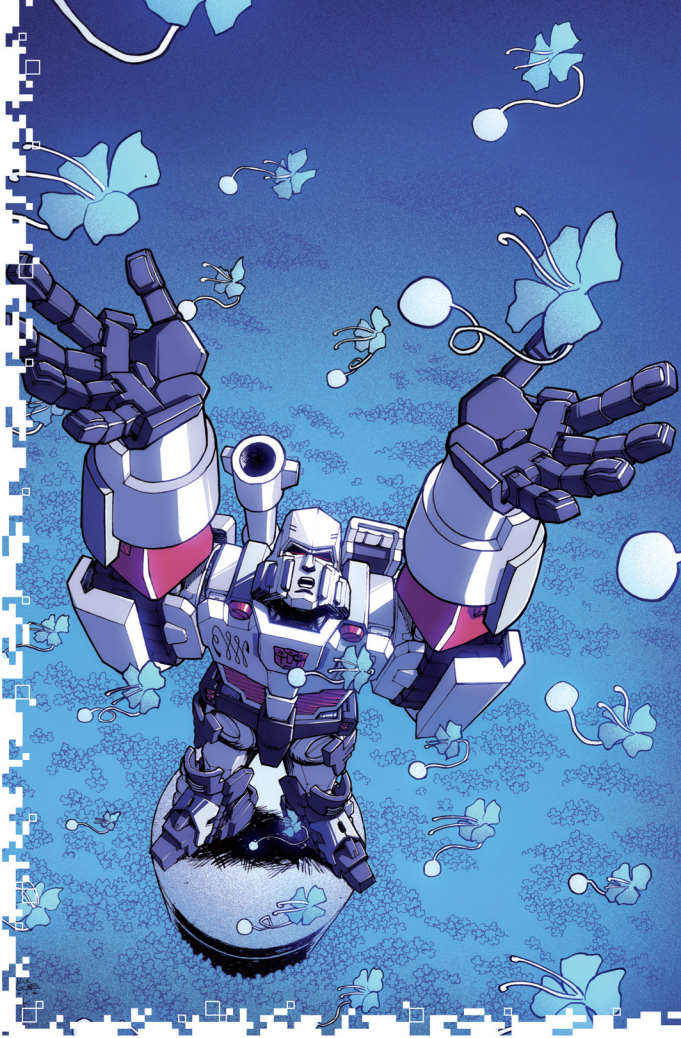
by **BRENDAN CAHILL** Colors by **JOHN-PAUL BOVE**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #53 COVER RI

by **PRISCILLA TRAMONTANO**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #54 COVER RI

by **SARA PITRE-DUROCHER** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**



MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #55 COVER RI

by **NICK ROCHE** Colors by **JOSH BURCHAM**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #55 COVER SUB

by **BRENDAN CAHILL** Colors by **JOHN-PAUL BOVE**

Megatron has rejected his past, but that doesn't keep him safe from the **Decepticon Justice Division**. Meanwhile, **Getaway** is staging a mutiny on the *Lost Light*, all leading to a climactic showdown, and not everyone will come out the other side.

Collects issues #50–55.

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